"MURDER IN THE THIRD DEGREE." BY CONSTANCE B. WILLARD. NEXT WEEK

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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The White Hands; —or,— The Terrors of Marston House.

By T. C. HARBAUGH, author of "Cleopatra's Necklace," "Wizard of Catoctin," etc., etc.

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CHAPTER V.

THE PRIEST'S DAGGER.

I had not forgotten one thing in the excitement that followed the tragedy of Marston House, and that was the statement of Miss Clifford made to me on that fateful night that she believed the gems had been stolen.

The Marston gems were celebrated for both their beauty and value.

Some had come down through many generations, while others of great value had been picked up by the master in his travels in foreign lands. All were large and beautiful—rubies, topazes, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and what not—grand enough to grace the neck of an empress and rich beyond description.

During my life at Marston House I had on many occasions seen these gems.

Once I remember the master had permitted Clifford to wear them and that night she was the observed of all observers and the newspapers of the day had given columns of descriptions to the event.

Stolen! the priceless gems of Marston House?

I could not think of this, and when the excitement was a little allayed I approached Clifford on the subject.

She had not asked Colonel Max about them.

But something told her, she could not say what it was, that the treasure had vanished.

It was strange that the master had not mentioned it. This led me to believe that the gems were safe.

But I resolved to find out for myself, so the day after my last interview with him I ventured to the library.

Marston, my benefactor, had recovered from the excitement attendant on my interview when I had said that I believed Count Fasili was in the house the night of the tragedy. I found him alone.

With a few preliminaries I went straight to the subject nearest my mind.

The gems? Well, to tell the truth, he had not thought about them.

I was a little surprised at this and suggested that an examination be made.

Colonel Marston rose from his chair and crossed the room. I followed at his heels.

He led me from the library to his private room into which I had seldom ventured and never without an invitation. It was a little chamber, quite dark when the curtains were drawn. He kept there some of the most precious heirlooms of the family, nearly all under lock and key.

In one corner of the chamber, partially imbedded in the wall itself, was a steel safe which was supposed to be absolutely burglar proof.

With a glance at me the old man went straight to this receptacle.

"There's scarcely any use looking in the safe," said he, looking again at me. "You see, in the first place, the lock has not been tampered with, boy."

"To all outer appearances it has not been picked," said I. "But you know——"

By this time Marston had stooped and was manipulating the combination.

I watched him narrowly.

It seemed an age before the thick steel door flew open, and the next moment the old man recoiled with a little gasp.

I sprang at once to his side.

"What is it?" I cried.

"You see."

He was pointing into the interior of the safe and his eyes had a glassy look.

"Gone!" cried he.

I thought the master of Marston House would sink to the floor, but he strangely maintained his composure.

"Gone?" I echoed, as I looked into the safe. "The gems gone, you say? Impossible!"

He threw open an inner door and I beheld an empty space where I knew the jewels were kept.

"It is terrible, inexplicable!" said he, hoarsely. "I can't solve this mystery."

He left the doors open and went over to a chair into which he dropped speechless and white faced.

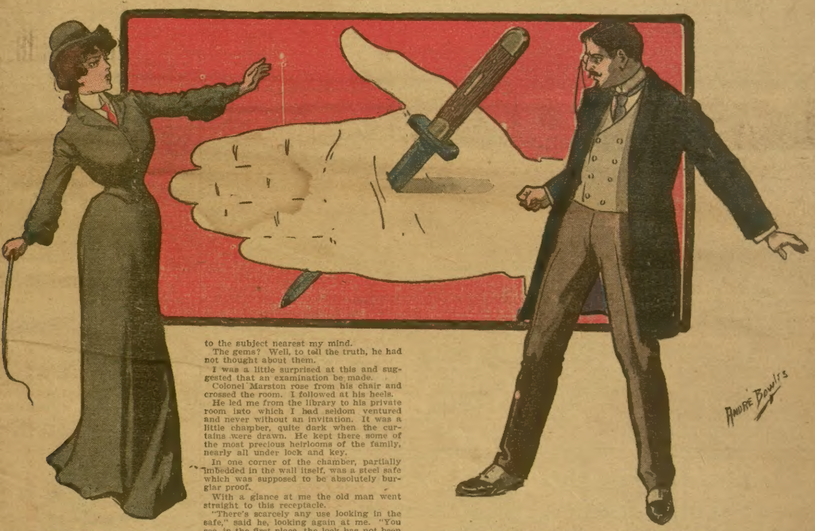
"Come here, Herbert," I heard him say.

I was at once at his side awaiting his commands.

"Please open the other little door to the right of the empty niche," he whispered. "Here is the key."

He placed a little steel key in my hands and I hurried back to the plundered safe.

The little place was unlocked, as I discovered the moment I inserted the key. I knew what to expect before I opened the door.



The niche was empty like the other.

"How is it?" came in half-muffled tones from the man in the chair.

I looked over my shoulder, wondering at the strange intonation.

Marston's face was buried in his hands.

"It is empty," said I.

He groaned and looked in my direction.

"Not a thing in it?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"A thousand curses upon them!" he suddenly cried, springing to his feet. "It is the old curse. It is the threat of the White Hands. But hold, Herbert, boy. We will baffle them yet. We will show them that there is fight in us yet—fight to the bitter end!"

I stared at him, wondering what he meant.

His face had lost every vestige of color and his figure seemed in a moment to have increased two inches in stature; I saw before me another man, not Marston of Marston House.

By and by he came to where I was and knelt at my side.

His lips were glued together with stern determination and his eyes had a luster I had never detected in their depths.

He pushed himself past me and looked into the second empty niche.

"It is true," said he in a hoarse whisper. "All are gone!"

"Then the most precious thing was in that little place?" and I laid the tips of my fingers on the edge of the second niche.

"It was there," he answered me with a shudder.

"The most precious gem?"

"It was not a jewel."

I stared blankly at the old man.

"Some heirloom, then?"

"Yes," and he laughed strangely. "It was a dagger, boy."

"A dagger?"

"Yes, one of the most historic daggers in the world. Where did I get it? It came to me with the curse of years. It came with the blood of a king upon its steel."

He leaned forward again and for a moment gazed into the empty place.

"I never saw that dagger?" said I.

"No. It was not for you to see, for it was accursed. It was the dagger that took the life of Henry IV. of France—the blade of the mad priest Ravaillac!"

CHAPTER VI.

COUNT FASILI COMES FORWARD.

The great tragedy that had startled the old world had not escaped me in my reading.

The story was well known to me, how the fanatical priest had taken the life of the greatest ruler of France with the sharp-pointed dagger, thus depriving Europe of one of its most celebrated kings.

Strange, it seemed to me, that this grewsome relic of kingly assassination should fall into the hands of Marston of Marston House. He had never shown it to any one.

I remember having heard that he had treasures which he never exhibited, but I had never dreamed that he possessed one so closely linked to the death of a king.

It took Marston some time to recover.

"Come, we will go," said he in low tones, locking the safe and leading the way from the room.

We went back to the library.

"How about this offer for Clifford's hand?" said he, glancing at me.

In a moment, as it seemed, he had forgotten the loss of the jewels and the dagger.

His face, while it had not regained its composure, was quite calm.

"What think you of it, boy?"

It was a startling question for me.

Clifford and I had long inhabited the old house together.

Thrown into each other's company, it was natural that there should spring up between us a strong friendship, to call it by no other name. Clifford had all the graces of an English beauty and I had early caught the infection of her manners. She seemed love itself, a beauty destined to make me happy above all things, and as the years passed, bringing with them nothing but sunshine for us, I had dreamed of a future which would be brighter still.

And the girl? I had never tried to sound her heart. Indeed, it seemed unnecessary, for her manners toward me were a constant answer to the unuttered question of love, and thus the days and the months had waned for us under the roof of the old house.

Now another had come. The shadow of this Italian count had fallen across my path. It had come like a shadow that kills. It had fallen upon the roses of love and threatened to blight them all. It had driven by one blow, as it were, a dagger as deadly as Ravaillac's into my bosom.

But I could trust Clifford. I felt that she would not for a moment think of another, much less of an adventurer.

These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind.

I looked at Marston and said with some emphasis:

"I believe this man, whoever he is, to be an adventurer, like so many of his race. He cannot be the person for Clifford."

"Perhaps not. Count Fasili is a sportsman."

"I judge so from his winnings at the races to which you have referred."

The letter of the Italian was still lying on Marston's desk.

I picked it up and read it over again, seeing for the second time and more plainly than ever the threat between the lines.

"Do you think this man honest?" I asked, looking up.

"He is simply Count Fasili.

"And rich?"

"So 'tis said. His vast estates lie near Turin and are said to be the finest in Italy."

"But his ancestry?"

"He comes of the Fasilese and they are related to the Borgias."

"What?" cried I, falling back and nearly dropping the letter. "To the great poisoners of Italy?"

"There was some little good in the family."

"Then I have not read my history right," I cried, with rising indignation.

It seemed to me that Marston was arguing in favor of the Italian count.

It galled me to think that he would think for a moment of mating the beautiful girl to this man, this person who I doubted not was as black as the ace of spades in character and who, I believed, had been seen in the house the night of the tragedy.

"The Borgias," said Marston, after a brief pause, "have been accused of many crimes they did not commit. It is true that they were guilty of some, but they have not had their proper inning on the pages of history."

What could I say?

Hope seemed to leave my heart and my blood grew cold in my veins.

"Count Fasili is handsome and seems a nobleman——"

"But what about his being in this house the night of the storm?"

"Perhaps you are mistaken, boy," said Marston. "He would have come straight to me."

"I see a great resemblance between the man I saw that night and the portrait of the count in the Italian newspaper."

"Appearances, especially after night, are deceptive."

"I know that, but I have good eyes and youth at my command."

I had risen to my feet and stood almost shivering before Marston in my indignation.

"Then," said I, "you will give this pure girl to this man."

His face grew white.

"I cannot help myself, boy. I must."

His head dropped for a moment on his bosom and I stood near, looking at him, unable to speak.

"Is it a promise made in Italy?"

"It is a promise and an oath that when he should come——"

"Enough!" I broke in. "I will hear no more. You will not expect me to remain another night under your roof. I leave it to the man who comes from across the sea."

A strange, almost weird, cry broke over the old man's lips. In another moment he was on his feet and both hands clutched my wrist.

"Don't!" he cried, and the words seemed to come from the depths of an agonized soul. "Don't desert me, Herbert. For God's sake remain and be my boy as of old. We will fight them."

"Fight whom?"

"The White Hands."

A sudden recollection flashed through my brain.

"Tell me, what does Alicia know about the White Hands?"

"The maid?"

"Yes, yes! She knows of them and she uses them in threats against people."

He drew off a pace and eyed me blankly.

"It cannot be. She could not know——"

"But she does. She even threatened me with the vengeance of the White Hands. The man who was found dead, murdered, in the round chamber——"

"No more of that man! Remember you and Clifford are sealed to silence."

"I forget it not," cried I. "But the two events happened the same night—the appearance of Fasili and the strangling. And not long after came Alicia's threat of the White Hands."

Before Marston could reply there came a quick step along the outer hall and it halted at the door. I saw his gaze flit toward the portal which the next moment swung open, and I gave a great cry, for before me stood the man I had seen in the house the night of the tragedy. It was Count Fasili!

CHAPTER VII.

THE SHADOW THAT DARKENED LOVE

There could be no mistake.

True, I had previously seen the man in a dim light, but now he stood in one that revealed his whole figure, yet I felt that he was the mysterious visitor to Marston House the night of the storm and the tragedy.

There was a quick start on Marston's part. The old man appeared to totter for a moment, but he regained his balance and stood erect, holding to the back of the chair, for he had suddenly risen to his feet.

In another moment the man in the doorway had advanced and was holding out his thin Italian hand.

"Glad to see you, my dear count," said Marston, though I felt that his heart belied his words. "Your coming is quite unexpected, but none the less welcome."

Count Fasili said how pleased he was to see his old friend and in the midst of his felicitations he turned suddenly upon me.

"My adopted son, Herbert," said Marston, with a wave of the hand, and I held out my hand to the newcomer.

There was something in the touch of the Italian's fingers that thrilled me. They went through me like so many daggers and I looked him fairly, almost accusingly, in the face, but his coolness was not disturbed.

Deeming it proper to leave the two alone I quitted the room as speedily as good breeding would permit, and passed down the corridor with my brain in a whirl.

Why had this man—this adventurer—come between me and the woman I worshiped? What had brought him across the sea to throw his hated shadow across my path? Should I go at once to Clifford and, telling her all, ask her to fly with me? We might get beyond the baleful influence of this new fate, but it would be leaving our benefactor to a doom at the thought of which I shuddered.

No, it would not do. I might turn from Marston of Marston House and beat down all gratitude, but would it not be the act of a coward and ingrate?

Why not remain and fight it out? That would be manly and I felt that the future held in store scenes just as exciting as those that had passed.

Before I reached the end of the hall and turned toward my own little room I had made up my mind. I would remain.

A thousand Italian counts should not drive me from the estate.

Shutting my door behind me I threw myself into a chair and gave way to thought.

What was to be done?

The wolf had invaded the sheepfold. The eagle had come to the dovecote and Marston was as helpless as a child in the power of Count Fasili.

Presently I heard light footsteps without the door, and sprang across the chamber.

As I opened the portal I heard a familiar knock and the next moment I stood face to face with Clifford.

How opportune!

I held the door open for her, but she came no further than the threshold, where she paused.

"I have come to ask you to go riding," said she. "I am going over the hills past the Witch's Falls for a canter and I thought I would like company."

She was so gay that I felt a sinking at my heart when I thought of the man closeted with the colonel in the library.

I could not tell her. Yet when I looked into her eyes and saw love illumined in their liquid depths I resolved anew to save her from the power of the foreign harpy.

I accepted Clifford's invitation and in a short time we were cantering over a well-defined road well known to both of us with umbrageous oaks on either side.

The hour was one fitted for a gallop over the hills that intervened between the mansion and the Witch's Falls, a pretty cascade also on the estate.

We had talked on many subjects and conversation had began to lag when Clifford leaning toward me touched me lightly on the arm with her whip.

"You must have seen him before you came away, for you were in the other part of the house," said she.

"I saw him," said I, and turned my head away.

"Who can he be? I caught sight of him from my window."

"He is called Count Fasili," and I watched Clifford's face, but it did not change.

"Why does he come?"

"He has been here before, Clifford."

"At Marston House?"

"Yes."

"I don't remember."

"But you recall my story of the man I saw in the upper corridor the night of the storm?"

"Yes, yes——"

"Well, that man has come back."

She started violently and looked strangely into my face.

"In the person of Count Fasili?"

"Yes."

For a little time we cantered on in silence and I saw her face change color once or twice.

"But do you know," said she suddenly, "why he comes now?"

"Would you really know?"

"You are keeping something dreadful from me!" she exclaimed. "I will not have it thus, Herbert. You need not fear to tell me the truth if you know it. I am not one of those women who faint on hearing bad news. You have seen me tried before."

"Then if you must know," said I, half averting my head, "the count is hunting for a wife."

She laughed lightly at this and I wondered if the fair girl was not going mad.

"The fool!" cried she. "Does he expect his visit to Marston House to yield him a wife?"

"He is quite sure that it will."

Her merriment ceased at once and the last sentence died abruptly on her tongue.

"I would not think his countship could see anything in Alicia," she smiled.

"You should know that a descendant of the Borgias is not likely to seek a wife among a lot of servants."

"Then——"

She paused as if the truth had suddenly burst upon her.

"You don't mean, Herbert—— No, it cannot be——"

I leaned toward her and touched her flowing sleeve.

"It is true. You are the target for Count Fasili's matrimonial shafts. This adventurer seeks your hand and he has obtained our benefactor's consent."

"It cannot be! It must be false!" cried Clifford. "He would not do this without my consent. Not," she added, "unless he is in the power of this man."

"Which he is," said I, and taking the bridle rein of her black I turned our horses' heads toward Marston House.

"That is right," said Clifford, white-faced. "I want to face this villain!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A BEAUTY AND A WHIP.

I sometimes wish I could pluck from memory what followed the ride back.

We spoke but little and during much of the ride I fell to watching the face of my fair companion.

Clifford was strangely silent, which was singular from the vivacious girl she was, and I had not the heart to call her from her abstraction.

It was not until the old house came in sight that she became anything like her old self.

As we turned into the avenue of oaks that bordered the road she lifted her head and said suddenly:

"I've made up my mind, Herbert. You've been thinking, too, so I doubt not we will fight together in this contest."

Her lips closed firmly behind the last word and she became a queen ready to fight to the last for her domain. There would be no compromise on Clifford's part and I resolved to second her in every way, for my whole being was wrapped up in her love.

We went to the stables which stood near the old pile and turned the horses over to the men there.

I noticed that Clifford carried in her gloved hand her little whip tipped with silver.

We ran up the steps of the house, I not very light hearted, but the girl to all outward appearances strangely merry.

She was ahead of me.

Bursting through the doorway, she led the chase to the door of the library.

Once and only once she looked over my shoulder.

In another moment she had thrown the portals wide and stood on the threshold.

"Good luck!" cried out a voice with a foreign accent. "Here is the angel herself."

I caught sight of Clifford as she went forward and in another instant was at the door myself.

She stood in the middle of the room with flashing eyes that fell upon the dark-faced but handsome man who regarded her speechlessly, while Colonel Marston looked on from the depths of his chair.

"Clifford, my dear, this is Count Fasili," said old Marston, his voice a little tremulous.

"Aha! the Italian adventurer," said my love. "Pray what has brought him over here?"

"Sit down and we will explain," resumed the old man. "Aha! there is Herbert. My boy, will you retire for a few moments?"

"Remain where you are, Herbert," rang out the voice of Clifford. "There shall be no secrets in this room."

I felt embarrassed and looked from Clifford to the other occupants of the chamber, and kept my position.

"Herbert will not go away," conitnued the fair girl, who seemed to have increased in stature in the space of a minute. "It is my desire, nay, my command, that he remain where he is. Now proceed."

She had turned to Marston again, but not without a quick glance at Count Fasili.

Colonel Marston seemed taken aback by the temper displayed by Clifford.

"Very well," said he, sinking his voice a trifle. "Since you will have no secrets in this house, know, my dear, that the count is a suitor for your hand."

Anger flashed up in my heart and my hands suddenly clenched, but I beat down the desire that sprung up like a tiger.

Clifford seemed the only calm person in the room.

"For my hand?" said she, stealing toward her guardian and benefactor. "Whence comes his countship?"

"He comes from Turin, dear."

"And his family——"

"He comes of the Fasilese and is a descendant of the house of Borgia."

"Lucrezia?"

There was a sting in the name as uttered by Clifford.

"He can answer for himself," said Marston. "The count has crossed the ocean for the purpose of pressing his suit and that is why he is at Marston House today."

Never will I forget the look Clifford gave the silent man in the room as she turned slowly upon him.

"Is this the way they woo in Italy?" she asked, the words falling one by one from her lips. "Does the Italian court through the parent, asking not the object of his affections whether she loves or hates?"

Color fled from the face of Fasili.

He stole a rapid glance at me and saw with bitten lips that I was enjoying his confusion.

All at once his eyes seemed to emit sparks of fire. He took a step toward Clifford and threw out one hand haughtily.

"The Fasili make love as they see fit!" he exclaimed. "It has been their way from time immemorial. And in this case, lady, the die has been cast. You are the affianced bride of Fasili."

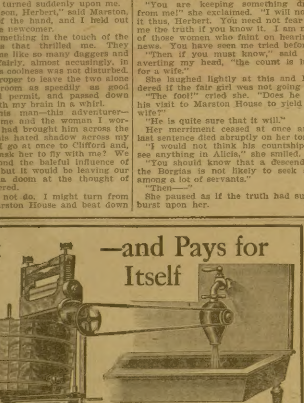
There was triumph in his tones, the triumph of a man monster, and I saw it all.

Old Marston had fallen back into the depths of his chair and was silent.

"Is this true?"

The voice of my love rang throughout the chamber, for she had turned upon the old man.

There was no answer



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"He dare not deny it!" cried the Italian. "You belonged to me before today, and I had but to come to claim my own."

"To you—to you?" cried the girl. "Who gave me to you?"

"The man yonder."

Fasili's jeweled hand covered the drooping figure in the chair.

"Why? What was the price paid?"

"He knows. He dare not go back on his bargain. He knows, I say. And for all the gold in the universe that old man dare not break his oath."

"I ask him not to break it," cried Clifford, "but I am not yet the wife of Fasili. This is England, not the land of the Mafia. This is the land of the Tudors, not the home of the detested Borgias with their poisoned rings."

He laughed in her flushed face, the very worst thing he could have done.

I seemed to divine what was coming.

"Is it true?" again cried Clifford, and she sprang forward past Fasili and shook old Marston from the lethargy of fear. "Tell me, have you sold me for a price or for fear to this man? Am I the purchased bride of Fasili?"

He pulled himself together, did Colonel Marston, but not a word came from his lips. He shrank from the blazing eyes of the woman who confronted him.

"Leave him alone," said a voice behind Clifford. "He is bound by his promise and you belong to me!"

That instant she whirled upon the Italian. Up went her hand and the whip was clutched in midair by her eager, maddened fingers.

What followed will never be blotted from my memory.

Once, twice, thrice the lash came down across Fasili's face, leaving a crimson track, and with a cry the man reeled across the room uttering shrieks of agony.

"Your wife? Never! It takes more than two to carry out this bargain!" I heard between the blows of the whip.

Another installment of this extremely interesting story will appear in next week's issue of this paper. The Ledger is without question the best family paper for the price of subscription now published in the United States. Special free gifts of cameras and patterns are offered on other pages of this issue. Do not miss them.

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Belgium's Town of Lunatics.

Gheel is the name of a little town near Antwerp, where the demented are cared for by the Belgian Government. It is literally a town where fools dwell in peace with each other, stroll about the streets and take their noonday refreshments at the cafes. The township shelters about 1,500 lunatics, who are taken as lodgers by the townsfolk, though all dangerous cases are passed on to outlying villages or confined in the asylum, Gheel harboring only the harmless. The treatment of the patients is but a moral one, cures being due to the kindness and tact of the townsfolk. The fees for taking in the "innocents," as they are called, vary from $60 to $600 a year, according to the degree of luxury in which the patient is kept. No matter how much he pays, however, he is the spoiled one of the family, for the people of Gheel are said to understand insane people better than any other known community or institution. This is due to hundreds of years of experience handed down from father to son.

Each patient is really the guest of the house. He is given the armchair and the best seat at table, and enjoys the most attention, so that he grows to value the esteem in which he is held to such an extent that he will make the greatest efforts to master his disease lest he should forfeit his privileges. The children of Gheel seem wiser than others, from their contact with their elders in years, though their equals in brains. Dozens of children may be seen walking about hand in hand with great robust men, to whom they chatter in the most familiar manner. In fact, the boarder patient is often told to take care of the baby of the household, and in most cases he makes an excellent nurse.

Gheel goes ahead of any other city as a residence for "emperors," "kings," "queens," "millionaires," "popes," "archbishops," "pashas," all of whom are fully honored and given full license for their fancies. One "king" informs all newcomers that he has two left legs and is obliged to have his boots and trousers made accordingly. Another old gentleman who thinks himself the pope of Rome says he is perfectly able to fly to Heaven, but that for the moment he is too fat. His landlord offers to assist him in making a start from the second-floor window, whereupon the "pope" thinks better of his project and prefers to wait until "after tea."

Crystal Gazing.

Andrew Lang, in an introduction which he has written to a recent book on crystal gazing, tells of some experiments he himself made: "I lent the ball to a Miss Balfour, who only then saw, I think, an old-fashioned piece of furniture. Her brother laughed at her and took the ball into the study, whence he returned, looking very perplexed. He admitted that he had seen a person whom he knew, under a lamp. This was at about 5 p. m. on a Sunday at St. Andrews. He would find out on Tuesday, he said, whether he had seen right or wrong. Miss Balfour told me this. On Tuesday Mr. Balfour met at a dance in Edinburgh a lady, Miss Grant. 'On Sunday at 5 o'clock,' he said, 'you were seated under a standard lamp making tea. A man in blue serge was beside you; his back was toward me; I saw the tip of his mustache. You wore a dress [described] that I never saw you wearing.' 'Were the blinds up?' asked the lady. 'I don't know. I was at St. Andrews,' said Mr. Balfour. The lady said that all the facts were correct and she and Mr. Balfour wrote out a signed report of the incident."

Of the "scryers" (crystal gazers) with whom he is acquainted, Mr. Lang says again: "They are healthy, jolly people, young, middle-aged, or more than middle-aged. They usually take little interest in the whole affair; and as to philosophy about telepathy, N-rays, the ether, the subliminal self, and so forth, they pay no attention to the theorists and their propounders. They are not spiritualists, are not theosophists, and never bore one with 'the astral plane,' 'cerebral centers' and other such jargons." Mr. Lang says that there are in his own case certain uprisings of unknown faces before his closed eyes. The faces are often beautiful at first, but fleet through a series of changes to the grotesque and the hideous, so that he often has to open his eyes to get rid of them. He says that they change and pass with extreme celerity.

"Scrying" has been known to nearly all races, from the Australian black men to the ancient Egyptians. The Japanese give large sums for large balls of rock crystal. It is said that $22,500 was once given for a perfect globe of rock crystal eight inches in diameter. The Japanese attach magical properties to the rock itself.

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Brief Yarns.

When the Shah of Persia was in Paris last year he was accompanied by an official named Mahmoud Khan, who is not with him now. A French journalist who remembered Mahmoud put some questions about him the other day to a member of the Shah's retinue. "What has become of Mahmoud Khan?" inquired the journalist. "He is dead, monsieur," was the answer. "Poor fellow! But surely he was young and seemed to enjoy excellent health." "It was excellent," assented the Persian functionary. "Was he ill very long?" "No, monsieur, he was not ill at all. He died quite suddenly." "Indeed! How did it happen?" The Persian functionary explained, with a slightly embarrassed air: "He was not sympathetic to the grand vizier."

—

Emil Bard, a French writer, tells how Pekin is lighted, as follows: "Eighty thousand taels ($50,400), are assigned each year for street lights; the official in charge takes 40,000 as his share and gives the rest to his subordinate. This latter hands over 20,000 to his inferior, and so on, until the original sum is reduced to a few copper cash, given to a coolie to buy oil and a wick; these are placed on a plate on the ground. A beggar comes along and drinks the oil—and such is the lighting of Pekin."

—

An extremely unintelligent Philadelphia "repeater" was arrested at the last election in the Quaker City. He asked what crime was laid at his door and the policeman replied: "You are charged with voting twice." "Charged, am I?" muttered the dazed prisoner. "Why, I expected to be paid for it."

Tame Snakes His Farm Pets.

In a large cornfield on the farm of Josiah Sack are two tame pine snakes, one measuring seven feet in length and four inches through the thickest part, and the other six and one-half feet long and nearly as thick. Sack handles the reptiles as he would a pet cat, and even children are able to fondle them.

The reptiles live on toads, mice and moles and thereby rid the farm of its greatest pests. During the day and evening the snakes may be seen burrowing beneath the ground searching for moles. They are not in the least dangerous and show no fear when they are touched.

At night or at noonday the reptiles coil up together under a brush pile beneath the fence and sleep until they become hungry.

Farmer Sack cautions everybody who goes to see the snakes to do them no harm whatever, and declares he would not part with them for a large sum, as they are not only harmless, but of a great benefit by killing mice and moles.

Menu of the Jungle.

"The bill of fare of the jungle is as extensive as it is unusual," said a well-known traveler, "and no one can form any idea of it unless necessity has compelled him to use it.

"In Bolivia, for example, the daily food consists of so-called 'chupe,' which is made of cooked Indian corn and chunes, or frozen potatoes. This remarkable dish is hardly inviting, as the potatoes are like stewed corks in flavor and consistency.

"My introduction to the jungle bill of fare was made by a black-and-yellow water snake, about seven feet long, which I killed and cooked one day. It was of an extremely delicate flavor.

"After several attempts I have been obliged to give up all of the cat species as uneatable, for the flesh is far from palatable and remarkably tough.

"Almost all kinds of snakes may be eaten. They make splendid roasts and soups. The flesh of most varieties resembles in flavor and appearance that of our eels. Indeed, I am inclined to think that it is better than that of eels.

"I must make an exception of the boa constrictor, the flesh of which more resembles that of a rabbit. I find roast monkey an especially edible delicacy.

"The most peculiar roast which it ever fell to my lot to eat was that of sea cow, or manatee. The seal-like animal has four different kinds of meat, both in taste and appearance."

Had Her Hand in His Pocket.

Two ladies entered the car in Edinburg at an hour of the day when seats are a possibility. One was an elegant dowager in regal magnificence of attire; the other was evidently her daughter.

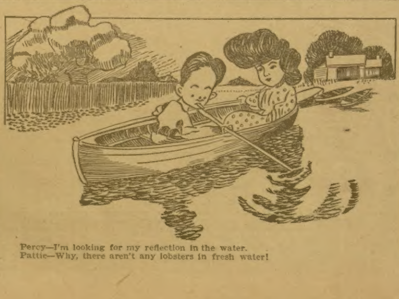
"Shall I pay the fare, mamma? I have my purse with me," said the young lady sweetly.

"O, no; I'll pay. I have plenty of change."

Thereupon she leaned sideways and commenced the intricate and hampered process of searching her rich draperies for her pocket. After a minute or two of fumbling, during which her face grew an apoplectic red, she exclaimed tragically:

"Laura, what shall I do? I have been robbed. My purse is gone—my pocket is entirely empty."

"Perhaps, madam," said the gentleman by her side, into whose coat pocket she had thrust her hand, "perhaps if you search your own pocket instead of mine you will be more likely to find your purse."



Percy—I'm looking for my reflection in the water.
Pattie—Why, there aren't any lobsters in fresh water!

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Under Troubled Skies;

In which are related some of the strange happenings that befel the most reckless soldier of fortune known in the revolutionary republics.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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CHAPTER VII.

"MY FRIEND, THE PRESIDENT."

It was especially gratifying to Bob Mullane to note how the look of deep anxiety drifted off Rocket's face at sight of him entering the door. Without doubt the colonel had begun to worry concerning his young friend from the States.

He advanced with his quick nervous manner, and held out a hand.

No one ever touched palms with Fortunatus Rocket without feeling a strange sensation shoot up his arm, as though some of the electricity with which the dashing adventurer was packed had escaped through contact.

"Good boy—was beginning to worry about you, for old Valparaiso isn't a fairy bower just now, and a tenderfoot is apt to get frosted unless he keeps a mighty smart lookout," was his characteristic greeting.

"Oh, the frost was there all right, and a keen one, too, but thanks to the luck you've invested me with, and the assistance of your friend, Don Archibald, I managed to pull through by the skin of my teeth. It was a close shave, and I almost fancied I scented the bouquet of their blooming old dungeons," Bob made answer, as carelessly as possible.

"Spin us the yarn, Mullane," suggested the other, chewing at a cigar in his nervous way, which signified that his active mind was wrestling with a host of puzzling questions, of which outsiders could not comprehend an iota.

This was soon done, for Bob, not having been on the "press," was unaccustomed to making the most of slender opportunities, and divested his tale of all superfluities, coming down to plain unvarnished facts.

Nothing could have pleased Rocket more, for he believed in doing things, rather than boasting.

"What you say about the meeting of gold-braid and epaulets is interesting to me, for I hardly believed the affair had gone quite so far. It may come to a head any day or hour now, and Valparaiso will think a hurricane has descended upon her devoted head. All right—I've seen a few others, and should Chile get too confounded warm for a fellow of my style, why, there are yet other countries waiting to be stirred up like hornets' nests."

What sublime philosophy, as though he had been delegated by the powers that ruled this earth to travel from one capital to another, furnishing amusement to sluggish peoples, and pointing out a road to their betterment.

Truly there was but one Colonel Rocket—privately Bob was already of the opinion that a few more such characters would set the world on fire.

"At any rate, I met Bessie, which was the prime motive for my visit here," exclaimed Mullane, seriously.

"That was a point in your favor, lad. Our friend Gazaboo overreached himself there, and you score the first blood. But if you don't know it already, I want to warn you against believing that chap under oath. He's a bad one if Chile holds the species. Why, he'd sacrifice kith and kin to gratify his love for revenge; and it looks as though he had a special spite against the tribe of Mullane."

"For good cause, I assure you. It's a riotous story, and some time I'm going to amuse you with it, if you like."

"I'll make a note of it. Now, to drop your affairs for a time, let me tell you a bit of my troubles. It isn't often I seek a confidant, so you may consider yourself honored, young man," remarked Rocket, who seemed to have taken a most decided fancy for Mullane, perhaps because the other's light-hearted way of looking at things appealed to a similar strain in his own composition.

Bob was interested, of course—who could help being when this wizard among men complimented him with his confidence? It was an honor not to be lightly esteemed.

"We have some desperate people against us in this new deal, for since General Vasquez has seen fit to let the presidential bee buzz in his bonnet, he has been undermining the faith of the army in the President. Then there's Ribocco, who hates everything that is Yankee, he's against me from the start, and as soon as Vasquez is seated in the chair, as I opine he will be sooner or later, Bolivar will do his prettiest to boot him out.

"I heard that the gallant colonel has a good reason to detest every one born under the Stars and Stripes, for once while in New Orleans he was caught cheating at cards, and had his hand pinned to the table by an indignant planter whom he had been systematically stripping.

"All right—now you see how the thing leans, and that when the explosion comes off the chances are decidedly against our side.

"Things have seemed about as tough as they could possibly be, but up at Santiago I did hope we had matters in better shape, and if the pinch came enough of the army would remained faithful to defend the President. Now he's knocked my plans all silly by coming down here."

"What, the President?" cried Bob, beginning to grasp something of the state of affairs that gave his companion cause for disgust.

"Just so—seems like its flying in the face of Providence; but then I've always found him to be a queer fellow, hard to manage because he's so inflated with a sense of his responsibility. Now and then he breaks the chain I managed to throw around him, and then trouble comes."

"Why has he come to Valparaiso now of all times?"

"Just to be contrary, and because his fate rushes him. Well, its comforting at any rate to feel that the dose will be administered punctually, and that the old fool will pay the penalty for breaking his word with me. Wait until you meet him. Talk about your opera bouffe characters, he beats all. What crazy notion d'ye think has lodged itself in his benighted brain to make him risk his precious neck down in this hornet's nest of sedition? Why, he's been posting himself about the duties of sovereigns toward their humble subjects, if you please, and believes it the duty of every ruler to visit unknown parts of his domain in disguise, so as to acquaint himself with the needs of his dear people! That might do for the Arabian Nights, but it's quite out of date in a South American republic, where a thousand knives are whetted for the sticking of the man in power. Yes, the President is undoubtedly a fool."

Although Bob laughed a little with him, somehow he had a faint idea that while the notion might be Quixotic all right, it did the President credit, and he thought he would like to know the man who could take such enormous risks in order to gratify an impulse of this nature.

He said as much to Rocket.

"Well," remarked the other eyeing him quizzically, "perhaps your wish may be gratified sooner than you suspected, for with your permission I'm going to influence him to join us in your room, where the situation may be explained to the misguided magistrate, and he can be left under your charge."

Bob thought that was drawing it rather stiff. When he came to Chile he had expected to run across some peculiar things, but really it had never once occurred to him him that he might be made the guardian over the august President himself, responsible for his safety, perhaps, with a whole city seething in revolution, and wild to lay hands on the figure-head representing the deposed government.

"Oh, well," he remarked, with a charming acquiescence that quite took the heart of the adventurer by storm, "I suppose a president is not much different from any other man."

"Only sometimes more pig-headed. Then you agree to my request, Bob?"

Perhaps Mullane might have considered that it was more in the nature of a demand, since he could refuse this man nothing; but then he was perfectly willing to accept the charge, since his fortunes had become irretrievably mixed up with those of Colonel Rocket, who would pull him through all right, if his usual good luck held good.

"Certainly. Where is the gentleman staying?" he declared.

"Right here at your hotel, which simplifies matters. That's one reason why I drag you into the mess. Whew! if they ever get on to this here it'll bring matters to a focus in a big hurry. Now, cast your optics across this floor. D'ye notice a puffy sort of a senor who seems to delight in hanging in the shadow and watching people? That's the President sure enough, and he thinks, poor fool, that in risking his neck this way he does it in the interest of the dear citizens. Bah! only for fear of the army, and what precious little interest I've been able to exert, these same noble citizens would have chased him hot-footed across the frontier some months ago, or else caused him to stretch hemp on Plaza Heelright to the tune of the national air."

"But how does it come no one recognizes him—surely he must be familiar with many people, who would guess his identity?"

"Well, you see, he's done the thing up in good style, and actually sacrificed his whiskers. No one ever saw him without hair on his face—though I think any of these officers might have a suspicion if brought before him. That's why I want him pulled up short, before he brings the while thing down about our ears in a black mess."

"But you seemed to know him?" persisted Bob.

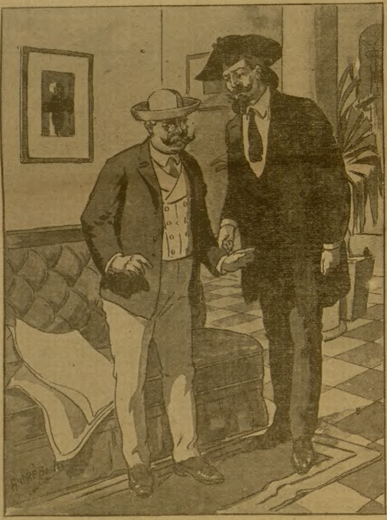
"That's easy, for you see there's a sort of sympathetic bond between us, and, besides, I know his every trick, so that all the disguises on earth wouldn't keep me from guessing his identity."

"Of course he has noticed you?"

"Long ago, and doubtless laughs in his sleeve to think he outwits one who is reputed to be so keen on the scent," disgustedly.

"I am at your service, Colonel—command me," said Mullane, still desirous of making the acquaintance of so remarkable a character, who must have stepped down out of some picture of the remote past, when rulers actually concerned themselves about the doings of their humbler subjects, and it was the vogue to visit the hovels incog.

So Rocket wandered away, and watcning Bob presently saw him turn up back of the squatty figure that was ensconced in the seat across the way, eyeing all that went on as though enjoying a treat.



He saw the gentleman start.

He even saw the gentleman start as though shot, and knew that the colonel had whispered his name softly. Then they engaged in conversation that appeared to be full of animation, though Bob noticed that as it went on Rocket did the major part of the talking, and the subject of his hypnotic power began to simply nod his head as if in dutiful acquiescence. The influence was working.

No doubt he was being loaded with appalling facts—told how imprudent his chivalrous bit of business might prove for himself and his regime—given to understand that dozens of keen knives were whetted for insertion between his ribs, and that the discovery of his presence in the turbulent coast city was apt to precipitate the very crisis that even now only held by a slender cord. Finally Rocket crooked his finger toward Bob.

This he took as an indication that the seed had been sown, the worthy President duly and sufficiently scared and made amenable to the wishes of his private secretary, who was the real thing and the power behind the throne.

So Mullane sauntered across, and was introduced to the wonderful head of the republic, "my friend, the President," who condescended to even shake hands with him, though Bob was fain to shudder when he felt how cold and listless his palm seemed.

Rocket linked his arm in that of the mogul.

"Lead us to your apartment, Mullane, kindly, where we can talk without any danger of being heard. There are a few facts I wish to present to His Excellency, facts of vital moment," he said, calmly.

This thing of swaying presidential timber did not appear to cause him the least embarrassment. Why, the man would have easily given advice to the crowned heads of Europe, if granted half an opportunity, and in half an hour might have been calling the august Emperor of Germany "Billy."

That was the kind of man he was, singularly free from all animosities, and a firm believer in equality of birth. Such a simple thing as being born a wretched king should never serve as an obstacle to his friendship.

Once in the sanctity of Bob's poor apartment, with the door fastened, they resumed the discourse that had been cut short below; and the Prime Minister marshaled the facts in solid array before the disturbed vision of his master, so that he presently had Senor Alparajos in a fine state of mind, seeing an assassin in every shadow, and bewailing the fact that he had been so unwise as to leave his quarters at Santiago, where Rocket had provided for his protection, at least to an extent that was ten times better than the existing conditions in Valparaiso.

He was now on the run, all his altruist notions knocked out of his head, and as anxious to get away from the turbulent coast city as he had heretofore been to penetrate its sealed mysteries.

Rocket looked flushed but triumphant. Again his master-will had trumped the cards, and he felt the reins still in his hands. For the time being all was serene, though he knew the signs too well to deceive himself, and no doubt had already dispatched a few things which he desired to save from the wreck to Buenos Ayres or Montevideo, whichever capital he may have decided to next favor with his delectable presence.

Rocket was no quitter, and he would play the game to its utmost limit, only skipping when the smash was complete.

"And now if you would be so kind as to keep him engaged in conversation a bit, while I run out and circulate around, so as to find whether there is a breath of suspicion connected with his presence here, I'd be obliged. You'll find him amusing enough; for he's a queer character—all these stuffed figures they use for presidents are, filled with a vast sense of their amazing importance. So long, for a little while—be sure I'll come back, my friend," and kissing his hand gaily to the disturbed President, Rocket departed.

CHAPTER VIII.

REVOLUTION AS A STEADY DIET.

Probably the most interesting feature about the campaigns of Rocket lay in the fact that he never allowed himself to lose confidence in his abilities. He was a philosopher to his finger-ends and could calmly contemplate the upheaval that meant the end of his reign, believing there were as good fish in the sea as had ever been caught.

It might be that he had anticipated the end of his usefulness in Chile, and even laid wires looking to assuming the same manner of guardianship duties under another flag; for such an active man hates to remain idle a single day, when the world is so full of stagnant communities, and the lightning arrestors so few.

He was soon out upon the square, mingling with the strollers who still held forth in considerable numbers.

The first thing he noticed was an unusual buzz of excitement among them.

Another person might not have discovered this, but Rocket had felt the pulse of such excitable communities so long that he was peculiarly sensitive with regard to all such trifling things that might signify shadows cast by coming events.

Had the knowledge of the President's insane act become known? Some spy at Santiago might have learned of his departure incog., and many would jump at conclusions close to the truth, for the peculiar notions of this dignitary were common talk.

If this should prove to be true, there would very soon be the mischief to pay.

He devoted his energies toward finding out facts.

At the same time he circulated among certain adherents of the government, men who were devoted to the principles of the party in power, even while it was a matter of indifference to most of them what became of the President.

Upon these parties the influence of Colonel Rocket was still supreme, and they could be depended on to fight desperately should the uprising take place within a short time.

This man knew full well that when the two opposing sides came together it meant grim war, and not one of those ridiculous bloodless revolutions which he had engineered personally up on the Isthmus. Battles would be fought, and if Vasquez finally took the chair, he would have waded through a sea of blood in order to vindicate his right to reign.

Wherever Rocket went he was the cynosure of many curious eyes, for every one knew him, and he was the best feared man in South America. Only for that he would have been assassinated long before now; but the truth of the matter was no one had the nerve to raise a hand against him, since Rataplan, a young Chilean who thought he had a grievance against the private secretary of the President, attempted to knife him in the open, with the crowds of the Alameda looking on, and was tossed into the street in a dying condition by the wonderful American, his bones broken as though he had run foul of an engine, and all done with a contemptuous effort that simply appalled the beholders, who thought this Texan must be Satan himself.

Thus he darted about, vanishing now, and again bobbing up serenely in some unexpected place, listening to the reports of his secret agents, and arranging his troops to defend the barracks if the affair developed as he began to expect.

This singular man was actually in his element. For this he lived and worked and planned; and considering what flimsy material he had to knead, some of his maneuvers were as brilliant in their small way as the historical victories of the great Napoleon. It was astonishing what he seemed to accomplish in an hour's time.

He had a map of the city in his mind, and mentally laid out such spots as gave promise of sufficient strength to be held by his inferior forces.

What news he received was disquieting, though it did not appear to rattle the colonel an atom. The plotters were on the jump, and circulating among populace and troops with significant words that by degrees were inflaming minds only too eager to seize upon an excuse for riot and carnage.

It was coming with even more rapidity than Rocket had calculated on.

He turned up at the hotel some two hours later, and to all appearances he had not the slightest trouble weighing on his mind, such was the ease with which he concealed his real feelings.

Late as the hour had grown, the crowds instead of diminishing as usual had positively increased, as though the whisper had gone around that the crisis so long and greedily anticipated had come at last; and the buzz of many voices in excited discussion told how these excitable individuals were being keyed up to the tension necessary to making them take sides.

Bob had been having the time of his life.

Never in all his experience had he run across a more original character than the worthy President, and he took advantage of the opportunity to work this mine to its full limit, with the result that he learned more about the amazing conditions that confronted a ruler in one of these Latin-American republics than had ever before entered into his philosophy.

One look at the face of the colonel told him the situation must be pretty tough, for Rocket had no reason to hide his feelings now.

"Your Excellency has heard the voice of the people?" he said, as if noting the fact that the window had been open, and the light turned low.

"It is true," returned the President, somewhat awed, "and perhaps I would be wise to return to the capital immediately."

"Ah, yes, but it would have been the part of wisdom never to have left the fortress I prepared for you, Excellency. As to departing hence, I fear much the time for that is gone," remarked the grim dictator.

"What, are they looking for me—do they know I have come? Then there has been treachery, and my valet has betrayed me, for which he shall pay dearly when we meet again," burst out the excited official; but Rocket smiled coldly and shook his head.

"We have no time to consider the subject of revenge. I'm just afraid it may tax all our ingenuity and valor to keep our heads above water between now and morning; for I calculate that when the sun looks in on Valparaiso it will shine on many a motionless body lying in her streets and courts."

"So soon?" cried Don Alparajos, almost piteously, for he had not yet found opportunity to inaugurate any of the wonderful reforms that were to raise Chile to a proud position among the leading nations of the earth.

And Bob Mullane felt a peculiar sensation around the region of his heart, for surely this was crowding the mourners, to thrust him into the thick of one of their measly insurrections, and he not ashore twelve hours.

At the same time he had some little curiosity to know how this thing must affect his fortunes, since the man against whom he was pitted had taken up with the other side, and they must sooner or later come in conflict.

"Consequently," pursued the steady voice of the man who did things, "it stands to reason, Your Excellency must find some shelter immediately, where our devoted troops may defend your person against the riotous disturbers of the peace."

Observing Bob noted the curl to the speaker's lip when he mentioned the devotion of the guard, and somehow he made up his mind that when it came to a pinch many who professed allegiance to the President would be found fighting on the other side, or else throwing down their arms in token of surrender.

Rocket had no Foreign Legion, as in some of his former escapades up north; for in Chile there was such an antipathy against outsiders that only a select few were under protest allowed to serve under the colonel.

He placed more reliance on these, handful that they were, than on the whole army, permeated as it was with disloyalty and the seeds of rebellion.

Of course Rocket himself was the main cause of the want of fidelity, for officers and enlisted men ground their teeth in rage to see the man they had placed in the presidential chair a mere puppet, dancing to the music of an accursed gringo.

Rocket knew this as well as the next one, but it pleased him to hang on to a good thing, regardless of prejudice.

His Excellency was not averse to carrying out the projected plan of campaign, for he of course knew full well what they did with deposed presidents who refused to vamose when the chance was given them; and now that the storm threatened to break upon his devoted head he longed for the security of his fortress palace in Santiago.

When Colonel Rocket planned to make a move he seldom wasted much time in talking. With him action served in the place of words, and had been found the only thing that brought about results.

"If there's anything you value particularly, fetch it along, Mullane, for I'm sorry to say the chance of your setting eyes on your chattels again is deuced poor. Say, when, after you are ready, and the sooner it comes the better for our friend here."

"Oh, as to that I'm ready now, and can just as well abandon the rest of my traps, if only this little satchel goes through all right. This seems to be a case of necessity, and a man would be a fool to grumble," observed Bob, picking up the article in question.

Down below quite a crowd had filtered into the hotel rotunda, and when the Colonel caught a glimpse of the excited manner in which they were surging this way and that, many officers among the citizens, he understood how desperate was the game, since they had already scented their prey under that roof.

Accordingly he proceeded to take his two accomplices out through a rear exit, which told how familiar Rocket must have become with every house in town, looking to some such emergency as this.

Now as the colonel was such a well-known character, it would hardly do for the President to be seen in his company; accordingly he begged Bob to take that illustrious luminary under the shadow of his wing for the time being. They could follow after his lead, and he promised to keep in constant touch, so that if anything happened to cause delay or threaten trouble he might swing around and throw his caster into the ring.

Some people might consider it a great honor to walk arm-in-arm with the magistrate of a grand republic, and indeed, under ordinary conditions Mullane would have felt highly delighted; but there may be occasions where the pleasure is all on the other side, for when crossing the plaza where the crowd gathered thickest Bob felt as if he hugged a destructive bomb against his side that might at any moment be discharged, to blow him to atoms.

One would have to be a stoic to feel very cheerful under such conditions; and yet there are men who laugh at a funeral, and pass jokes even while pounding on dynamite.

Every time some one bent his head out of sheer curiosity, to peer under the wide-brimmed hats they wore, Bob would hold his breath in suspense, and half expected to hear an exclamation that might announce a discovery.

He did not know what preparations the wonder-maker had made for such a contretemps, but felt sure he would not be caught napping. Perhaps a signal on his part would bring a squad of loyal guard hurrying to the spot, and as the opposition must be unorganized it could not stand out against such force.

They had not far to go, since as is customary the barracks were located in a position commanding the square. The policy of this thing is very evident to any one who may be conversant with the ways of revolutionists, whose first move it seems to be to gather in an open plaza and build up their courage by a tremendous waste of enthusiasm; so that soldiers' quarters commanding such a square are apt to prove of tremendous advantage when the storm arises.

Many times they have formed the citadel, around which the battle raged until some happy chance caused victory to perch upon one side or the other.

Bob was glad when they found themselves in the shadow of a large building that he understood was used by the troops quartered in the coast city.

Keen-witted Rocket had made some of the moves, behind his puppet on the throne, whereby an additional number of soldiers were stationed in Valparaiso at this time; and so far as he could he had chosen only those in whom there might be placed a certain amount of dependence, which, alas, he feared would prove a broken reed in the end.

At sight of him the guards saluted, giving him all the honor of a general, which no doubt was very gratifying to his pride, albeit he knew full well that possibly in another day few of these fellows would consider themselves so low as to do him reverence.

It makes considerable difference whether one is on the rising tide or only floating along the ebb.

Immediately there came a change in the condition of affairs. Men in uniform hurried this way and that under orders from the colonel, messengers darted from the open door, windows were closed and barred, stands of arms overhauled and loaded with ball, and an old-timer cannon that commanded the open square placed in readiness for immediate use.

In this bustle Bob thought he saw a grim determination on the part of the garrison to stand back of their President to the end; but then he did not understand the character of the soldiers with whom Rocket dwelt, nor was he posted in the political aspect of the case.

When, therefore, he saw seven foreigners enter the building, and among them the scrawny Scot whose acquaintance he had made earlier in the evening, he understood better, and realized that Rocket looked to them as the nucleus of his defense.

This highly fascinating story of love and adventure in a foreign realm will be continued in next week's Ledger. Any new subscriber or any one renewing a subscription is entitled to the Ledger's free cameras and patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Bringing It Home.

"Ma," said the twelve-year-old boy, who was poring over the daily paper, "it tells here about a man who sold the Government crop reports to speculators and made a big pile of money. Was that wrong?"

"Why, of course it was wrong."

"Will he go to Heaven?"

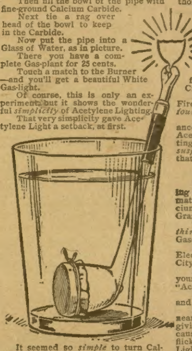
"Certainly not."

"If pa had sold crop reports instead of being a bookkeeper at $18 per week would he have gone to Heaven?"

"No; but you see——"

"What, ma?"

"He'd have left money enough behind so that the rest of us could have gone there."



To make Cheap Gas-light for Country Homes.

TAKE a common Clay Pipe.

Put a simple "Acetylene" Gas-burner on its stem.

Bind the two in position with a tight-fitting piece of Rubber Hose.

Then fill the bowl of the pipe with fine-ground Calcium Carbide.

Next tie a rag over head of the bowl to keep in the Carbide.

Now put the pipe into a Glass of Water, as in picture.

There you have a complete Gas-plant for 25 cents.

Touch a match to the Burner—and you'll get a beautiful White Gas-light.

Of course, this is only an experiment, but it shows the wonderful *simplicity* of Acetylene Lighting.

That very simplicity gave Acetylene Light a setback, at first.

It seemed so *simple* to turn Calcium Carbide into Gas-light that over 600 different kinds of "tanks" and "Acetylene Machines" were invented, patented, and marketed for the purpose, by about as many different people.

Well, the thing to be expected certainly happened!

About 530 of these "Acetylene Machines" had been invented and sold by people who knew more about *Tinware* than they did about *Gas-making*.

The "Calcium Carbide" was all right *all* the time, but 530 of the machines for turning it into Gas were all wrong *all* the time.

So Acetylene Gas "got a bad name," though it is clear enough *now* that it never *deserved* it at any time.

It was like selling *Wood Stoves* to burn Hard Coal in, and then blaming the *Coal* for not burning.

* * *

Lots of things happened to grieve the Owners of these 530 makes of alleged "Acetylene Machines."

But very few *accidents* occurred from them even in the days of rank experiment and dense ignorance, among "Generator" Makers.

Of course, a gun will go off unexpectedly, now and then, if the trigger be pulled by a person who "didn't know it was loaded."

But, that's no fault of the Ammunition—is it?

Well, finally the Insurance Companies got after these 530 odd makes of "Acetylene Machines" that wouldn't Acetylate, and the Insurance Board made an investigation of all Generators that were submitted to them.

Then, out of the 600 odd "Machines" patented, only about 70 were "permitted" by the Insurance Board to be used.

Oh, what a howl was there!

By "permitted" I mean that the Insurance Board was willing that any building should be Insured, without extra charge, which used any one of these 70 Acetylene Generators it had found safe, and effective, just as it permitted houses to be piped for City Gas, or wired for Electricity, under proper conditions.

Now, the Insurance Companies *ought* to know whether or not these 70 different makes of Acetylene Generators were absolutely Safe to use.

Because, *they* have to pay the bills, if Fire or Explosion occurs, from any one of the Acetylene Generators they authorize.

And, here's a proof of their good judgment.

Though there are now Two Million people using Acetylene Light in America, there have only been *four* Fires from it in one year, against *8865* Fires from Kerosene and Gasoline.

There have also been 4691 Fires from Electricity, 1707 Fires from City Gas, and 520 Fires from Candles.

Besides these there have been 26 Fires from the Sun's rays, But,—only *four* Fires from Acetylene.

That shows how *careful* the Insurance Board was in its examination of Acetylene Generators, and in "permitting" only the 70 makes that were *above suspicion*, out of the 600 experiments that were once on the market.

* * *

Well,—the boom in Acetylene Lighting made *lower prices* possible on the material it is derived from, viz., Calcium Carbide, a material that looks like Granite but acts like Magic.

Today, Acetylene Light is a full *third cheaper* than Kerosene Light, or Gasoline Light, per Candle Power.

It is not more than *half* the price of Electric Light, nor *three-fourths* that of City Gas.

If I can't *prove* these statements to your full satisfaction my name is not "Acetylene Jones."

But Acetylene is *more* than the *safest* and *cheapest* Light of the year 1905.

It is also the *Whitest* Light—the nearest to natural Sunlight in health-giving Blue and Violet rays, and because of this, with its freedom from flicker, it is the easiest of all Artificial Light on the *Eyes*.

It is so much like *real* Sunlight that it has made plants grow 24 hours per day in dark cellars where no ray of Sunlight could reach them. It made them grow *twice as fast* as similar plants that had only the Sunlight of day-time, viz., half the time.

That was proven by **Cornell** University in a three months' experiment made this very year.

* * *

Now, I've saved up for the last a point more important to you than all the others about Acetylene Light.

It consumes only *one-fourth* as much of the vital *Oxygen* from the Air of Living rooms or bed-rooms, as either Kerosene or City Gas-Light consumes.

That's a *tremendous* difference in a life-time, mark you—three-fourths of a difference.

Because,—*Oxygen* is *Life*.

And every bit of Oxygen stolen from the lungs of Women, Children and Men, through Lighting, is a loss that can never be made good again.

A 24 Candle-Power Acetylene Light costs you only *two-fifths* of a cent per hour.

That's about $5.85 per year, if burned every night in the year for four steady hours.

A Kerosene Lamp of equal capacity would cost you a third more, viz.: *three-fifths* of a cent per hour *for Kerosene alone*, or $8.76 per year.

That's exclusive of broken lamp chimneys, new wicks, and the everlasting drudgery and danger of cleaning, filling and trimming daily.

I want to *prove* these figures to you, Reader, if you are a house-owner or store-keeper.

Tell me how many rooms you've got and I'll tell you what it will cost to light them with brilliant, beautiful, Sanitary, eye-saving Acetylene.

Write me today for my **Free Book** about "Sunlight on Tap."

Just address me here as—

"Acetylene Jones,"
154 Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ills.

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UNION LABEL

ALLIED PRINTING
TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL
CHICAGO, ILL.

Flatterers are clever mind-readers. They tell vain women exactly what they think.

There isn't a department store on earth large enough to supply everything a woman wants.

No, Cordelia, the woman who is most admired isn't necessarily the most admirable woman.

Whoever knows when to quit hoping for the best is one who gets out of the deal with a good profit.

Automobiling may be the poetry of motion until the machine breaks down—then it is blank verse.

Barney Oldfield ought to give up automobile racing for a while and try airships. They are safer.

Look at the fortune Editor Bryan himself has accumulated since the era of Republican prosperity set in.

Dowie probably knows what he is doing when he classifies his Zion City services under the head of "amusements."

Even if he has to quit the army, the outlook for Captain Taggart is not hopeless. He might run for mayor of Atlanta.

We may now look forward with more confidence to the next presidential message for an earnest call for more submarines.

Pitcher Chesbro of New York insists that he is the only man in the business who throws the genuine, simon impure eel ball.

Admission of products from the Philippines duty free will give some of the standpatters a pain in the neighborhood of their plethoric pockets.

That South African expert who has gone to Kentucky to locate a diamond mine may locate a moonshine still instead and then he will not care.

Boston is all excitement over the prospective opening of a department store. Next summer Boston hopes to attract the attention of a traveling circus.

The bigamy charges against Hock have been outlawed and the cases stricken from the docket. It is just as well. "Bigamy" feebly expressed it.

Publicity, in addition to its curative properties, is useful sometimes as a preventive. There are reasons for thinking that it prevented one Addicks from going to the United States Senate.

TITLES FOR SALE;

WHEN PRINCES COME TO WOO.

BY ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE.

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CHAUTER XVI.
HEARTLESS AMBITION.

Mr. Taylor was interrupted in his dreams of ambition for his younger daughter by the entry of Camilla.

"You wish to see me, father?" she asked on entering.

He looked at her critically a few moments without speaking. The gown was exquisite, the face prettier than ever, the figure graceful and elegant, yet in the matrimonial market so thronged with nobles she had secured the smallest prize! That was something he could not forgive her. Still as he wished her to accept that prize without too much trouble, he managed to keep his resentment in check and say in as pleasant a voice as he could command:

"Yes, my dear, I did wish to see you for a few moments," then with an engaging smile, "How well you look, how elegant and refined, a real baroness of beauty and grace, a woman who could hold her own even in an emperor's drawing-room."

Camilla's heart was beating so violently that for awhile it deprived her of the power of speech. She had decided to make an attempt to win from her father his consent to her marriage with Rupert, and should he refuse, she was ready to follow Juliet's plan and marry the man she loved in spite of all. Only her aversion for the baron could have pushed her to this act of daring, but the prospect of living with such a man was enough to give strength to the weakest heart. At last she conquered her emotion enough to answer her father's last remark:

"I don't crave such honors, father. My ambition in life is to be happy and to make others happy. I have so little taste for social life that I have often wished I was not a millionaire's daughter since all this show and practice tires me."

Mr. Taylor had a forced laugh as he remarked, trying to hide his uneasiness by light words, for this was the first time he had noticed such tones of resolution in his daughter's voice:

"Ta, ta, ta, my dear! that's all very well to say, but a good chance to enter real society—not that of moneyed men, but nobles, is not a thing to be disdained."

Then, with profound pity in his tones, as though he had a deep compassion for her ignorance, he added:

"You, poor child, have no idea what European society really is; you compare the littleness of a republic with the broad elegance of a monarchy. Here, my dear, we are forced to endure the presence of everybody, the sons of nobodies, oftimes, while there only family conections and titles count!"

To any one less deeply concerned than Camilla, the pompous tones in which Taylor pronounced all words which referred to the nobility would have been laughable in the extreme, but to the trembling girl, so irresolute in her decision, so fearful of that stern and relentless father, they sounded like a knell. With such ideas as these, she felt it would be impossible to win him over to her way of thinking. Yet the very imminence of the danger caused her to reply somewhat impatiently:

"What are we, father, that we should scorn those 'sons of nobodies,' since we belong to that class ourselves? My grandfather was a wholesale grocer who bought lots before New York became what it is. Have we the right to be proud when only two generations back we were nobodies ourselves?"

Mr. Taylor looked uneasily around. These home-thrusts were hard to bear for this man who gloried in his position. Besides, what if some one had overheard her? It was bad enough that some few friends and old-timers knew the history of his wealth, but it was not necessary that they should cry out their origin from the housetops. Turning half angrily upon his daughter, he said:

"What you say is true, Camilla, but you forget that we are rich," drawing himself up, "immensely rich, and that that wealth opens for us the doors of that European society which would have remained closed to your grandfather. We have no title, no family record to be proud of, but these are things which money can purchase, since I have the pleasure to announce to you that my friend, Baron von Cottendrof, a friend and distant relative to Emperor William, has done us the honor to solicit your hand in marriage."

The blow had fallen, and Camilla was surprised with what courage she was able to face her father with the words:

"You surely refused that honor, father—you answered to that fortune-hunter that your daughter was not for sale, that Americans are noble enough in character not to need a mean, empty title which so often covers up the insignificance and depravity of its owner."

Mr. Taylor was dumfounded at the energy with which these words were spoken, and he began to fear that the task of subduing his daughter would be much harder than he had at first supposed, but wishing to conceal his growing uneasiness, he said:

"Camilla, you are jesting, just to see what I would say, for, of course, you don't suppose that I would refuse so great an honor. Why, my dear, you would be a baroness! Just think of it—you, the granddaughter of a grocer, would be a baroness; you would bear a name hundreds of years old; you would have castles of historical renown; you would, in fact, become somebody while for the present you are simply a rich man's daughter."

"But, father, if I prefer to remain what I am, if I would rather be happy than to shine as a star in that titled society of which you speak, if I told you that I loved another, one who is a noble man, not because his father had a title but because of the generous sentiments of his heart, then, oh, father, then you would surely not force me into a marriage which would bring me only misery and suffering!"

What pleading accents she put in those words! What wild entreaty in her eyes, what pitiful gesture of supplication accompanied them! She would have touched most hearts, but all of this had no effect upon the hardened ambition of the man before her, for instead of softening him he seized her roughly by the arm and hissed into her ear:

"You love that Rupert Bencroft—am I right?"

Frightened by his threatening attitude, and already repenting her daring, she stammered:

"Yes, father, I love him, have loved him for a long time, and for the last six months have been secretly engaged to him:

With a cruel laugh Mr. Taylor released her arm and said:

"You love that fellow—ah! You are engaged to him! Well, my dear, you must break that engagement, you must forget that love and marry the baron. I can't allow a foolish fancy to ruin your future. You will marry Baron von Cottendrof, because I wish it and have given him my word; besides I order it!"

The glaring eyes, the threatening attitude, caused Camilla to start back in terror, yet she managed to say:

"Father, you are cruel. Oh, what have I done that you thus wish to ruin my life by chaining my destiny to a man I can't even respect! It is as bad as though you sold me for money to the first adventurer who came along. This marriage might satisfy your pride, but it would break my heart, it would destroy my happiness, nay, perhaps my life! Oh, father, have mercy, do not force me to obey, on my knees I implore you to save me from so bitter a lot!"

In the ardor of her supplication she dropped on her knees and extended her hands with wild entreaty. This only displeased Mr. Taylor the more, for he said coldly:

"Come, Camilla, don't play the fool. You know I never liked a scene, and these melodramatic attitudes will not move me. You must have learned them from Juliet; maybe you were rehearsing them before you came down. Rise from your knees and behave."

The last blow had fallen. Camilla's resolution was taken. Slowly she rose from her knees, her face colorless, while there was an unusual firmness in her voice as she said:

"So you still insist. After what I have told you, you would still force me to marry Baron von Cottendrof!"

Wishing to hide in conciliatory words the heartlessness of his action, Mr. Taylor said, trying to appear tender and to force his command more for her sake than for his own:

"Yes, child, for I know the time will come when you will thank me for doing this very thing. You will be glad that I saved you from ruining your prospects in life for the sake of a schoolgirl's romance which will be forgotten as soon as you realize the exalted position your title of Baroness von Cottendrof will give you."

A quiet dignity replaced Camilla's trembling terrors, and she answered:

"Very well, father, you have aided me to come to a decision. Whatever happens in the future, remember that you forced me to it."

A great joy filled Mr. Taylor's heart at these words, and it was with great effusion of tenderness that he exclaimed:

"I take all the responsibility. You are a nice, sensible girl and I am proud of you. So when the baron lays his suit before you tonight you will not repulse him?"

Walking to the door, Camilla answered:

"I will not repulse him tonight. You may depend upon that, father," and before he had time to express his pleasure she was gone to carry to her waiting lover her message of hope. As she walked on she murmured:

"I despise myself for having duped him, but his cruelty, the heartless manner in which he would have sacrificed me to his ambition, gave me the strength to struggle. Had he used one tender word, had he pleaded instead of ordered, I could not have resisted, I should have obeyed. Yes, even the weak rebel against the use of the lash."

While she thus expressed her present state of mind, Mr. Taylor in the library was rubbing his hands in expression of his satisfaction.

"I am a fortunate father to have so obedient a daughter. She couldn't have loved young Bencroft very much, or she would have resisted my wishes with more persistence. Everything is for the best, however, and I will have a baroness for a daughter and later, with Georgina, I will gain still greater honors. I am fortunate indeed."

His pleasant reflections were here interrupted, for Mrs. Fleming entered the room. She made a very fine appearance in her coquettish ball dress, and her beaming smile proclaimed the satisfaction this knowledge gave her. She thought to make use of a few moments before the arrival of the guests, to flirt with her wealthy cousin, who, should she fail to capture Barton, might prove a worthy matrimonial prize.

CHAPTER XVII.
THE LOVERS.

When Camilla reached the conservatory she looked around for Rupert, not at once noticing him concealed behind the palms. He rose at her entrance and took a few steps toward her, but she hurried rapidly to him, saying as she neared him:

"Stay where you are, Rupert. It is best that you are not seen by any one. I have just seen my father, told him of my love for you, of our engagement, yet he refuses to listen to my pleading and still insists that I shall marry that hated Baron von Cottendrof."

"I know how he must have treated your demand, since not half an hour ago I told him the same thing, pleaded as you did and, like you, was refused. I would have left at once but for my desire to see you again and hear from your own lips if you consent to Juliet's plan, if tomorrow you will give your life and happiness in my keeping."

Speaking, he had seized her cold, trembling hands while his love-lit eyes held hers in a fascinated glance which penetrated to the very depth of her soul, lighting there the fires of resolution so necessary to carry out the daring plan of the secret marriage. And this weak girl, who had never decided anything in her life, whose dresses and teachers, friends and amusements, had ever been chosen by her parents, who had never had a will of her own, tonight felt herself drawn into a whirlpool in which she lost her footing, and too weak to struggle long if left to herself, needed ever a supporting hand to steady her weakness. Already she was repenting her resolution, but Rupert's compelling eyes and the thrill his presence called to her heart, reanimated the failing courage, yet she said, trembling and pale:

"I don't know if I act for the best, Rupert, but I am torn with doubts and misgivings. On one hand I hate to deceive my father, on the other I love you too much to consent to let a loveless marriage with another place between us an insurmountable barrier. Rupert, I am afraid, no matter which way I turn. A marriage with the baron would kill me, but to marry you without my father's consent fills me with misgivings. I fear that no matter which way I turn, unhappiness will be my lot."

"What Camilla!"—and there was a world of tender reproach in the lover's voice, while he tightened his pressure on the quivering hands abandoned to his clasp—"is it possible that you trust me so little as to doubt my making you the happiest woman on earth?"

"You don't understand me, Rupert," she cried piteously. "It's not that I fear you would not try to make me happy, but rather that as punishment for my disobedience happiness be denied me. Rupert, this is awful, it is so different from my usual way of acting that I really wonder if I will have the courage to go on until the end."

Tenderly he drew her to him, his arm about her waist, her head reposing wearIedly on his shoulders, as he murmured:

"My poor little girl, I know it is hard for you, how painful it must be to be married under such circumstances, almost as though it was a guilty action. You must have had different dreams for that most important day of your life; it wounds your vanity as a woman, your ideas of duty, yet for this once, more for your own sake than for mine, you must be firm, you must have enough courage to defend your rights to happiness. Life with the baron would be a daily, an hourly torture."

She heaved a heavy sigh.

"Why did he come to America? We were so happy before he came!"

"The reason is easy to discover. He came to America to get gold from just such ambitious fools—pardon the expression—as your father. What would we care if your father gave him five, ten, millions—nay, all of his fortune, if you had not to be sacrificed also! Money is nothing, your happiness is everything. Therefore, to save you we must use stratagem to defeat their heartlessness, the ambition of the one, the thirst of gold of the other."

Camilla had withdrawn herself from his embrace and, standing before him, tore with unconscious fingers the heart of an orchid from her bouquet. Looking up she asked:

"What honor would it bring my father if I married Baron von Cottendrof? Would he not still continue to be the plain Mr. Taylor, millionaire, but the grandson of a grocer?"

She spoke with unusual vehemence, angered as she was to think that her father's heartless pride would compel her to resort to a secret marriage with the man she loved. Rupert shook his head contemptuously as he replied:

"No honor whatever, but he thinks he will have. Your father fondly believes that once you have become a baroness he can go to Europe and that the most exclusive parlors will be opened wide before him, that kings and emperors, dukes and princes, will bow down before him, simply because he sold his daughter in exchange for a name, giving besides the girl a sum of money large enough for a king's ransom."

Rupert also spoke with a bitterness, for, like Camilla, he hated to use secrecy in order to marry the woman he wanted, and his anger against Taylor's foolish pride was almost as great as his scorn for the fortune-hunters. So he continued:

"He will only discover his mistake when it is too late. He then will see that though his daughter, notwithstanding her husband might shine in that titled society, the most exclusive of houses, the very ones he would most like to enter, would remain closed before him and in the few places where he would be admitted he would be secretly laughed at, sneered at and scorned as a man who had sacrificed everything for empty honors. While he would expect to be treated as a conqueror, in reality he would be looked upon as a dupe. But why this long discourse? This will never happen to Mr. Taylor through you, since tomorrow you will give your life into my keeping, and after that I will try to shield your tender soul and make your existence one of sunshine and of peace."

He had recaptured her hands and, moved by his voice, his presence, the warm pressure of his fingers, she replied:

"I don't doubt that you will make me happy, otherwise would I consent to an almost clandestine marriage, would I——"

She would say no more, for a grave voice behind her broke in with the words:

"Ah, fair plotters, remember the saying that walls have ears."

With a little frightened cry Camilla turned, while Rupert hurriedly released her hands. They found themselves confronted by Uncle Sam.

"Oh, it's only you, Barton. What a fright you gave us!" broke from Rupert after the first emotion was past.

"What I heard might have been overheard by some one else, which shows how little lovers are to be trusted with the details of a plot. Besides, Camilla was forgetting that she was hostess tonight, that her guests are fast arriving and that her father is seeking for her everywhere——"

"My father!" gasped Camilla. "Oh, he must not find me here with Rupert, he would surely suspect something."

"Then return to your parlors and give some sort of excuse for your absence." Camilla was moving away when he detained her, saying: "One more recommendation, Camilla. Be very pleasant to the fat baron this evening, and make your father happy for one night. Now go, child, and don't worry."

But instead of departing she returned to Barton and with a pleading look in which all her doubts and misgivings were expressed, asked:

"Tell me, am I doing right to give in to Rupert's and Juliet's pleadings? Is it proper for me to thus deceive my father?"

In a tender, fatherly gesture Barton put his hands on the young girl's shoulders as he replied:

"Camilla, if your father were a sensible man, if he loved you, in fact, if he were all that a father should be and you then disobeyed him, it would be wrong; but under the present circumstances it is different. Your father loses the right to fatherhood through his selfish and heartless ambition, therefore you need have no more consideration for him than if he were a stranger. Besides—and I hope this may quiet the last revolt of your conscience—when tomorrow your father hears of your marriage he will bless instead of curse you."

"I don't understand," broke from Camilla, while Rupert drew nearer.

"I don't wish you to understand tonight. Tomorrow you will know all. Until then put your trust in Uncle Sam."

"Yes, you know best," she sighed. "I leave my fate in your hands; so good-by, Rupert, until tomorrow," and the next minute she was gone.

When the two men were alone Barton turned to Rupert and said:

"You failed, of course?"

"Certainly; he refused point blank to listen to my suit."

"Tomorrow morning you can come to my hotel and I will have received the license which will give you happiness and save that poor girl from being made the victim of a heartless father's ambition. I may be late for the wedding, as I have other business that needs attention, so I will congratulate you in advance. Now go. I hear talking in the next room, and it's better we are not seen together tonight."

Rupert clasped Barton's extended hand as he said:

"Thank you, Barton, nothing can express my gratitude."

But Uncle Sam interrupted:

"Don't thank me. It's all your sister's planning. I might have saved you some other way, but not in as prompt and certain a manner as she. Her plan solves the difficulty, not only with Baron von Cottendrof but with any other suitor who might present himself with a title for sale. Once your wife, her father's silly pride cannot reach her and ruin her life. No, if you are happy you owe it to Juliet, not to me."

"I wish I could be as sure of her happiness as I am of mine."

A frown contracted Barton's brow. He had that night heard a strange story about Prince del Capitolli and he had even been told to put him to the test, which he had determined to do that very evening; still most of his hate for the young man had vanished and in its place a curiosity, not devoid of kindly interest, had found birth in his heart. Rupert's words brought to his mind all the details of the strange story he had heard, but he said:

"Let not that trouble you, Rupert. Leave the prince to me. If he is a mean fortune-hunter I will find the means to outwit him; if, on the other hand, he really loves Juliet it would be a needless cruelty to separate them. I will know for sure tomorrow afternoon. Until then trust your sister's happiness to my care. Now go, you have already lingered too long."

The two men shook hands and Rupert hurried out into the night, passing through a small door which opened into the garden. Barton was alone with his reflections.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Meanwhile the guests were fast arriving, and the vast parlors were beginning to be filled with women exquisitely gowned, the light tints of their toilets contrasting strangely with the sober black of the men's evening suits. Pink shoulders scintillating with gems glistened beneath the white light of the electric globes, peals of laughter mingled with the soft vibration of an orchestra of stringed instruments concealed behind a perfect fairy bower of plants and flowers, all this kaleidoscopic play of colors moving ceaselessly through the heavy, perfumed air brought to the eyes a bewildering sense of splendor and opulence.

Mr. Taylor had neglected nothing. The floral decorations were works of art, the orchestra was one of the most celebrated, while later in the evening the refreshments would prove that the renowned maitre-d'-hotel he had employed had done his very best and charged in proportion.

Proud and smiling, happy and satisfied, Taylor stood by the door with his daughter and Juliet receiving the guests. He was at peace with all the world, but mostly with himself. Everything was coming his way, the baron had asked for Camilla's hand and she had promised not to refuse the offer, and he hoped that before the evening was over he might announce to all the engagement. Besides, Camilla was unusually pretty this evening. There was more life, more expression in her face, the eyes were more brilliant, her movements more vivacious—in one word, she was a girl any father might be proud of. And as time passed his satisfaction expanded into such broad and beaming smiles and hearty greetings to his guests that many murmured among themselves:

"Taylor has either made some successful haul in Wall street or he has roped in one of the foreigners," and a feeling of expectancy began to float in the air. Everybody felt that something would happen before the evening was over.

Frances Wadworth had come early. She wanted to study characters, she had told Barton, therefore she did not wish to lose a chance of observing the various guests as they entered and greeted the host and hostess. She had not gone to any great expense for her toilet that evening, simply a white dress, a black tie and a stiff collar, that was all. If Taylor had invited her and if she was received by some of the most exclusive families of Newport and New York, it was surely not because of her style but because she brought to those homes who had everything else the intellectual atmosphere they so often lack. She was the link which united these butterflies of fashion and pleasure with the cultured world of thinkers. Besides, she came of an excellent family, was independently rich and had been, in her younger days, strange as it might seem to her later acquaintances, a noted belle.

Several years before, for some unknown reason, she had suddenly abandoned society where she held an uncontested sway, and thrown herself with all the energy of her ardent nature into the study of philosophy, science and literature; the result of this was that society soon forgot her, and only remembered her again when, five years later, her first book was published and created a profound stir in all the stratum of society, gaining at once a meteoric popularity with all classes which naturally resulted in immense sales and the rapid fame of the author.

Then those who had admired Frances Wadworth, the belle, began to seek her in her retreat, inviting her anew to their homes that she might bring there the luster of her name and her intellect. But Frances was not the kind of woman to allow herself to be lionized. All the vanities of her youth—that happy youth when a well-turned compliment made her heart throb with pleasure—were passed, gone with her youthful dreams, gone to form the past while she labored with the present, shouldering its duties, throwing herself body and soul into her work, finding in it the only joy she ever hoped to possess on earth.

In the days of her belledom she had had had many suitors, but had encouraged none, causing those who knew her to think that perhaps there was some secret love, some unrequited attachment behind this unusual indifference. Later, after her wonderful success, other suitors had appeared, but this time they were men of science, professors, literateurs who were more attracted by the powerful intellect than by the woman herself, who had already passed her prime as far as womanly charms are considered. But these suitors, like those of her younger days, were rejected and so Frances Wadworth reached the age of forty-two without changing her name, and to those who asked her if she ever intended to she would reply:

"A woman, if she be wise, should cease to think of marriage when she has past the age of thirty-five."

Frances took her stand near the door and soon in the varied characters which passed in an ever-changing panorama before her eyes she forgot everything in the present enjoyment of viewing the comedy of life and in the study of its actors. Nothing is more interesting, more amusing, than this minute study of individuality. It is this which makes a true author's life one of ceaseless enjoyment, since he is made the spectator of a continual drama, or comedy, or farce, which brings a never-ending change into his busy life. The actors, however, rarely guess that all their acts, their very thoughts, their smiles, tears or laughter, are studied, distilled and analyzed and later when the result of this study greets them on some printed page they fail to realize that they so unconsciously furnished the material.

Frances was a true author and a thorough one. Every figure portrayed in her books had its counterpart in life, one she had studied and observed with painstaking care. Tonight the flowers, the music, the gilded splendor of these magnificent parlors were unnoticed that all the attention might be concentrated on the study of the human

(Continued on fourth column.)

POWERFUL STRANGE FORCE!

Will This New Discovery Do Away With the Mails and Wireless Telegraphy?

The Dead Brought Back to Life

Would Be But Little More Startling Than the Marvellous Things Done by People Who Have Tried This Wonderful New Force.

How Prominent Men and Women Use It to Influence the Minds of Others —Any One Can Do It—Distance No Barrier — One Person's Control Over Another Now Fully Explained.

Every Man, Woman and Child in the United States Can Have "The Secrets of Magnetic Force, Health and Power" Absolutely Free.

Prof. F. T. McIntyre, New York.

New York.—Special Correspondence.—Professor F. T. McIntyre, a well-to-do scientist of this city, has created a sensation in the scientific world. Through delving down in the realms of nature's mysteries he has discovered a delicate but powerful law that seems destined to revolutionize the theories of the most noted authorities on mind force. Many people look upon him as a man possessed of divine power, for he has told them how to influence people far and near and to heal themselves and others of all ills as if by magic. He tells them how to project their thoughts, develop a powerful mentality and build up the mechanism of the body and brain. Doctors and magnetists who have tested the workings of this new discovery admit that it surpasses anything in the history of psychic power.

In explaining the methods to a reporter Professor McIntyre said: "I am convinced that everybody can accomplish the things I have done if they understand the system. It would be a grand thing if every man, woman and child in this country learned the use of this wonderful force. There would be no more disease, immorality, drunkenness, poverty or failures in life. There is no reason why we should not be able to prevent murders and suicides, separations and insanity, for through the use of my discovery almost any phenomena seems possible. I have sent free illustrated pamphlets to people in many parts of the world which explain the principles of my new discovery, and I find they can do the same wonderful things that I have done, and for which many persons think I possess some special power. I have sent these printed pamphlets out without any charge whatever, as I am anxious to have everyone test the wonders of this new discovery. The letters received from each person who tries it are the same. They are all loud in their exclamations of surprise and say they never dreamed such things possible. Many offer me fine presents, but I refuse them. I am working for the uplifting of mankind and science. The kind letters received from grateful hearts more than pay for my services. I will send a copy of my free book to every person who writes me without any charge whatever."

Professor McIntyre handed the reporter a basketful of letters, from people in many parts of the world. They were indeed startling. Mr. James Kubal, a prominent business man of Chicago, living at No. 5647 Halsted st., writes the following:

"I never dreamed such things possible. If I had only known of this sooner. This system has made a different man of me. I shall give up business and make more money through the use of this system than I can in my business. It has brought back my sight. I can see without glasses, and work without them, too. It has overcome my backwardness, and I can now handle my customers in fine shape. I did not know I was so full of the magnetism. I think your system wonderful."

Mr. Eugene Devenson, Baton Rouge, La., writes: "Having tried your system, I unhesitatingly pronounce it to be and to do all you claim for it."

Rev. E. G. King, pastor Christian church, Upper Lake, Cal., writes: "I cannot recommend your system too highly, and am willing to answer any inquiries in regard to it."

Dr. H. A. Loundsburg, Wheatley, Ontario, Canada, writes: "I have thoroughly investigated the methods and inventions of Professor McIntyre, and can say that his system is scientific and surpasses anything in the line of therapeutics that has come to my notice."

Fred S. Brett, Apartada 252, Guadalajara, Mex., writes: "I have done wonderful things in influencing people with this system. Have had over fifty persons under my control and compelled them to do startling things. I advise everybody to try it. This system is truly marvelous."

Prof. McIntyre then presented the reporter with a copy of his new and finely illustrated treatise, entitled "The Secrets of Magnetic Force, Health and Power," which he intends to send absolutely free to every person who desires to try the powers of his new discovery. This is truly a generous act of this great scientist, and every person who reads this should take advantage of his kindness and liberality. His name will certainly go down in history as one of the greatest benefactors the human race has ever known. Send your name and address to the professor and ask for a copy of this wonderful free treatise. Your request will be kept confidential. If you wish it sent free and at once write to Prof. F. T. McIntyre, Dept. 705, No. 126 West Thirty-fourth street, New York City, N. Y.

You will be amazed at the workings of this truly wonderful discovery. It will open the way to success in life, enable you to control and sway the minds of many, startle your friends far and near and make for you a position in life. It is more than words can explain. Send to-day. A postal card will bring it.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Titles for Sale.

(Continued from second column.)

soul, and in admiring the ever-changing aspects of the wonderful animal called man.

But the Count de Belvedere had just stepped in and was bowing before Camilla, addressing to her one of the dainty compliments of which he was master; and Frances' eyes quickened with interest. This Frenchman, with the grace, the dash and the careless gaiety of his race, was well worthy of a close and minute study. He was so different from the other men who surrounded her, like some tropical bird which was suddenly transported amid the more commonplace yet more useful of the feathery inhabitants of the north.

If she was interested in him, the count was no less interested and amused by her. This "bas-bleu" of the new world was so strange, the short skirt, black tie, stiff hat and short hair had a marked fascination for his eyes. Besides, her conversation was interesting, she could talk on medicine, or astronomy, with the same depth of understanding as when speaking of fencing or boxing, or riding a wheel or writing a book. On all subjects she was posted alike.

When after his greeting to Camilla and her father and a few words addressed to Juliet, he turned around and caught sight of Frances, he hastened to her side and said with his most courtly bow:

"How charming you are this evening, Miss Wadworth! A perfect angel in white, and——"

But she cut him short with the words:

"Come, Count, spare me the rest and leave off this foolishness when speaking to me. I know you don't mean a word of what you say, so don't waste your time in idle flattery which I would not believe."

"But, Miss Wadworth, is not every woman woman an angel for those who truly appreciate them?"

Frances frowned and as a half-scornful sneer curved her lips, she interrupted again:

"Well, if you wish me to continue to have the sentiments of 'an angel,' pray do me the favor to talk sense. I am not Juliet or Katharine, and if you wish to please me don't treat me as though I were a doll or a baby, but as a fellow being. Forget that I am a woman and remember only that I enjoy sensible men and have a marked aversion for dudes and fools."

The count laughed. Frances pleased him more and more and since Katharine Merriman had not yet arrived he would pass the time pleasantly with this unique creature. So, bowing, he said:

"Miss Wadworth, I am ready to do anything to please you. We Frenchmen are the slaves to the wishes of our lady friends. Of what shall we speak, pray, since I am forbidden the fascinating subject of speaking about you?"

Frances had been examining him with care, and litle as she was given to admiring the stronger sex, she could not help thinking that this charming boy with his gay, frank face, polished manners and exquisite flattery would bring unrest, perhaps suffering, to many a woman's heart. She sighed as though she knew what misery an unrequited love could bring, and to chase the momentary emotion caused by the recollection of some unrealized dream, she said hurriedly:

"I am interested just now in the woman suffrage movement which is beginning to attract so much attention in the United States. How is the movement progressing in France—does it have many advocates in your country?"

The count enjoyed seeing her angry; he was amused by her sharp replies, and though her serious question merited a serious reply, he answered with a smile:

"Ah, Miss Wadworth, the equality of the sexes has ceased to be a question in France, for it is long since we men have given all our rights into the keeping of the fair sex, they are more than man's equal, since we have made them queens, stars, planets—in fact, the very suns of our existence."

A sudden flame of anger leaped into Frances' eyes. She felt he was laughing at her, and her fiery temper getting the better of her, she turned upon the count with the retort:

"Then if you're a fair specimen of all Frenchmen, I am glad I was not born in France, for here I occasionally meet men who have some sense."

And with a withering glance at the crestfallen count she hurried away.

Another installment of this very captivating story will be presented in the Ledger of next week. Every subscriber is entitled to our free cameras and patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Easily Explained.

"Who is that man all the women are idolizing?"

"That is a doctor from another town."

"But there are doctors around here who are much better known."

"'Sh! This chap is a 'beauty doctor.'"

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EXTRA PAY can be earned evenings by giving Stereopticon or Moving Picture Exhibitions. Small capital required. Illustrated Catalogue free. Tells how to start. McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

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You can easily make $5 a day selling our 16x20 reproductions of the world's greatest paintings. Send us 50c and we will mail, postpaid, 20 selected pictures, no two alike, which you sell at 10c each, thus making 400 per cent. Boy in Maine sold 78 in 1 day. Lady in Iowa made $27 in 4 days. Return what you don't sell and get your money back. Wholesale frame and picture catalogue free with first order. FRANK W. WILLIAMS & CO., 1272 Taylor St., CHICAGO.

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Salesmen Wanted

Our house needs a few more men to sell suits and pants. Our Mr. Linceeum sold $2,000 worth in 8 weeks. We may have just the position you need. If you will write, we will send you full particulars.

The Warrington W. & W. Mills, Dept. 7 Chicago

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EASY SALES, BIG PROFITS

Don't waste your energy on an unsalable article when you can make big money selling our transparent handle knives. We place any photo, emblem, name and address under handle. Send today for our terms and photo of our handsome leather sample case. Exclusive Territory to Agents CANTON CUTLERY CO., 1265 W. 10th Street, CANTON, Ohio

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AGENTS WANTED QUICK FARMERS STAND BY 8 TOOLS IN ONE

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One of our agents says he will make $1500 next year. We believe he can. This is the best seller we ever saw. Write for Special Offer and plan to Agents. Make money now. J. B. Foote (Dept. 304) Fdry. Co. Fredericktown, O. The Great Agents Supply House.

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JOKES AND

Real Breakers.

Gunner—Did you hear about Spender? Some one rescued him from the breakers out in Lake Michigan.

Guyer—Great Scott! Was he bathing?

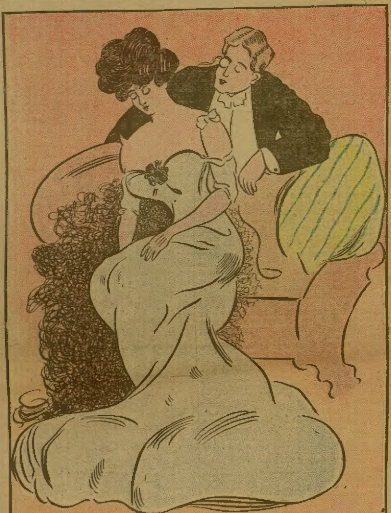
Gunner—No, he was on one of those floating poolrooms where the breakers break the lambs.

Peaceful.

"Bobbins was tickled to death over the outcome of the Portsmouth conference. He is a radical advocate of universal peace."

"That so?"

"I should say so! Why, he offered to lick any one in the hotel who disagreed with him on the subject."



Cholly—I would I were the glove that presses your hand.
Carrye—Aren't you enough of a kid as it is?

Snappy.

Tall Editor—I hear Bumscribe is running a snappy column in your paper now. Is it the personal column?

Short Editor—No. It is entitled, "All About Dogs." That is why we call it snappy.

Stale.

Stubb—There goes Miss Flasher. Says she is just back from Newport and her complexion is as brown as a nut.

Penn—Yes, a chestnut.

Good Graces.

Freddy—Say, old chap, how do you manage to kiss a girl when the chaperon is right close by?

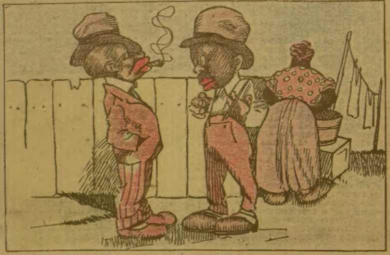
Teddy—Why, by kissing the chaperon first.

An Insinuation.

"Women," remarked Growells, "always have their purses filled with samples."

"Anyway," rejoined Mrs. Growells, in a tone redolent of sarcasm, "we don't get them filled in 'sample rooms.'"

A SPLENDID SCHEME.



Rastus—I tol' Mandy not to fogit to wake me up at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning.
Ike—Why, you doan' have to go to work. It's a holiday.
Rastus—I know, but I want de satisfaction of rolling over an' goin' to sleep again.

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Female Barber.

Samson was about to bring down the house.

"A strong man, indeed," remarked the ancient king. "I would like to get the key to his wonderful strength."

"I can get the key," replied Delilah, "if I once get his locks." And procuring a pair of shears she gave the strong man his first hair-cut.

A Dainty Little Maid.

She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt when it is going to rain without any one's help. She indicates when it is wise to take your umbrella with you, when you can leave it at home. In fact she is the simplest and best barometer made. She is an ornament to any parlor and a necessity to every home. She or one of her sisters will come to you with full instructions on how she reads the weather, postpaid, for only 10 cents. She makes big money for her agents. Address W. P. Randolph & Co., 82 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Dangerous Indeed.

"President Roosevelt," said the man on the back platform of a Harrison street car, "made himself universally popular by being umpire at the peace conference."

"Yes," assented the conductor, "but let us hope he will use discretion."

"What do you mean?"

"Let us hope he will never undertake to be umpire at a baseball game."

Gift of Time.

"One day," related the jolly hobo, "I met a man on de street and I told him if he would give me thirty quail I would show him how to eat dem in thirty days."

"And did he oblige you?" asked his companion of the ties.

"No; he said he couldn't give me thirty quail, but he'd give me thirty days. He was a judge."

Classified.

The society reporter was away on his vacation and the horse reporter had been delegated to write up a wedding.

"But," protested the editor, glancing over the report, "you failed to mention the bridegroom's name."

"It wasn't necessary," explained the equine authority. "He finished among those who 'also ran.'"

Idleness Justified.

Diggsby—I don't see how you can afford to loaf so much of the time.

Higgins—I can afford it because I only get 75 cents a day when I work.

Diggsby—But that is just the reason why you should get in more days.

Higgins—Oh, I don't know. When I don't work I don't lose much. See?

On the Pike.

Rodrick—Plunger is a wise one. He is going to build a road tavern and call it the "Garage."

Van Albert—Where is the wisdom in that?

Rodrick—Why, he is going to cater to the automobile class. When a man tells his wife he had to stop at the garage she won't be suspicious.

Difference.

"Why don't you get up and give that seat to your father, Bobby?" reprimanded the lady. "Don't it pain you to see him reaching for a strap?"

"Not on a street car," chuckled Bobby, "but it pains me to see him reaching for a strap at home."

Egotism.

She—I wouldn't marry the best man in the world.

He—Pardon me, but your remark was entirely uncalled for.

She—Why, pray?

He—Because I never asked you to marry me.

Oil Cure for Cancer.

The Dr. D. M. Bye Co., of Indianapolis Ind., report the discovery of a combination of soothing and balmy oils which readily cure all forms of concer and tumor. They have cured many very bad cases without pain or disfigurement. Their new books with full report sent free to the afflicted. (1)

JOLLITY

Cured to Stay Cured.

Mrs. S. T. Roberts, Clinton, La., sent a postal card request for a trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine to The Drake Co., Drake Bldg., Chicago, Ill., and received it promptly by return mail without expense to her. Mrs. Roberts writes that the trial bottle of this wonderful Palmetto Medicine proved quite sufficient to completely cure her. She says: "One trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine has cured me after months of intense suffering. My trouble was Inflammation of Bladder and serious condition of Urinary organs. Drake's Palmetto Wine gave me quick and entire relief and I have had no trouble since using the one trial bottle."

Drake's Palmetto Wine cures every such case to stay cured. It is a true, unfailing specific for Liver, Kidney, Bladder and Prostate Troubles caused by Inflammation, Congestion or Catarrh. When there is Constipation, Drake's Palmetto Wine produces a gentle and natural action of the bowels and cures Constipation immediately to stay cured. One small dose a day does all this splendid work, and any reader of this paper may prove it by writing to The Drake Co., Drake Bldg., Chicago, Ill., for a test bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine. A letter or postal card is your only expense.

Business and Pleasure.

"Every morning Mrs. A. used to remain at home and do her churning. Now she spins past here in her automobile."

"You don't say! Has she given up her dairy business?"

"Oh, no. Instead of turning the clumsy old churn she just places the milk cans in the automobile and by the time she has run twenty miles the cream has been shaken into butter."

Soft.

"I wish you would spare me some 'soft soap' labels," said the young man, as he entered the corner grocery.

"Going to put up some soft soap?" queried the grocer.

"No; I'm going to put them on baggage."

"Who ever heard of soap labels on baggage?"

"Oh, this is the baggage of a couple who have just wedded."

Tough.

"De luck of de small boy is fierce," groaned Tommy.

"What now?" asked the sympathetic stranger.

"Why, de lightning struck ten houses and barns in dis village dis summer."

"That was bad."

"And it never even scorched de schoolhouse."

Nothing in It

The mad bull dashed down the street and entered a chinese laundry through the window.

"Huh!" he exclaimed in disgust, as he slowly backed out. "I've been told it was great sport to get into a china shop, but hanged if I believe it."

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Truth Comes Out.

She—Where did you pass your vacation?

He—At the seashore.

She—And did you leave your heart behind you when you returned to town?

He—No, but I left my trunk.

Choice of Evils.

Singleton—Just as soon as a woman can manage a man her love begins to cool.

Wedderly—Yes; and just as soon as she discovers she can't manage him she begins to make it hot for him.

A Breezy Section.

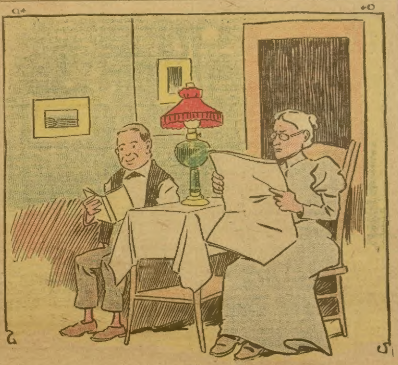
Stranger (in Oklahoma)—You don't have any skyscrapers out here, do you?

Sagebrush George—Don't, eh? Any one o' them shacks is liable to be a skyscraper during the cyclone season!

There Are Others.

Harter—Grumleigh strikes me as being rather selfish. He seems to live entirely within himself.

Carter—Oh, well, he isn't the only man in town who lives in a flat.



Hiram—Maybe our boy Reuben will turn out to be a preacher. He's great on the Bible, the president of the college wrote me.

Mrs. Hiram—Whatever did he write?

Hiram—He says for one thing that he's noticed Reuben is much inclined to be bibulous.

Obeying Orders.

Baby in church sat by mamma,
And suddenly exclaimed "Baa! Baa!"
When mother, greatly mortified,
Essayed to quiet her, baby cried,
"You said, 'Act like a little lamb,'
And that's exactly what I am!"

—Carolyn Wells.

Falsely Accused.

"You are accused," said the police magistrate, "of being a second-story worker. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Not guilty, your honor," replied the burglar. "In all my get-rich-quick operations I manage to get in on the ground floor."

Useful.

"I hear that you really take pumpkins for subscriptions to your paper," drawled the old farmer, who had mounted the winding stairs to the editorial rooms of the rural paper.

"For awhile," replied the editor.

"'Bout how long?"

"Until the autumn poets stop sending in poems. We pay them off in pumpkins."

Quiet Tip.

"Papa," said the millionaire soap manufacturer's daughter, "I do wish you wouldn't boast continually of being a self-made man."

"Why not?" queried the fond parent.

"Because," she explained, "if you would keep quiet people might think it was only grandfather."

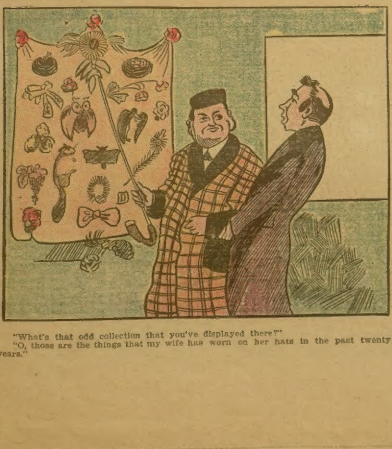
The Boss Is "Off."

"I guess my boss wasn't feeling well this morning. He was always in the habit of saying 'good morning' to me."

"And didn't he say it to you this morning?"

"No; he said 'good-by.'"

A MUSEUM OF MILLINERY.



"What's that odd collection that you've displayed there?"

"O, those are the things that my wife has worn on her hats in the past twenty years."

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On Principle.

Scribbler—The editor of Strife is a conscientious guy.

Scratcher—Is, eh?

Scribbler—Oh, very. He wrote a poem on autumn, submitted it to himself, and then kicked himself down three flights of stairs.

Great Future for It.

Slowpay—I see that some arctic explorers had to eat their rubber shoes to keep from starving.

Starboard—Gee! What a training school for explorers our boarding house would make!

Cream of Tartar.

Hen—Yes, I have an excellent wife, but she's something of a Tartar.

Peck—Well, if your wife is a Tartar, mine must be cream of tartar.

He—Man has a perfect organ of speech.

She—So has a woman.

He—No, she hasn't. Hers is made without stops.

HER ANGEL FACE;

Or,

THE STORY OF FELICIA.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The minister sat in his study alone. A book lay upon the table before him and the light from the lamp fell upon his pale face and hair silvered at the temples. It was rarely, however, that he turned a page. His thoughts were not upon the deep theological works the book expounded, but dwelt persistently and passionately upon the woman he loved.

He pictured her in the brilliant ball-room with Cecil Warrington by her side. Cecil Warrington was so well calculated to win the love of any woman, and she was but a woman after all, though she had the face of an angel.

Two hours had passed since his mother retired. The old-fashioned clock in the hall struck twelve. As the last stroke died away, the door opened softly and Felicia stood upon the threshold.

The minister looked up with a start. Felicia, with her bare arms and shoulders, her shimmering gown and flower-crowned head, was like some beautiful vision.

Slowly, dazedly he arose to his feet.

"Felicia," he murmured, bewilderedly.

She moved forward and, as her eyes met his, she smiled faintly.

"I grew tired and came home," she said.

He drew a deep breath.

"I thought for the moment that you were a vision," he said.

"You have never seen me dressed like this before," she said, flushing slightly. "Perhaps you do not like it."

"How can I help but like it when you are so wonderfully lovely?" he replied.

She glanced up at him quickly. The dark eyes of Cecil Warrington had not lingered upon her more ardently than the grave ones of the man before her. They seemed to burn in the pallor of his face. Cecil Warrington's wooing had swept away unconsciousness forever, and in a moment she understood. Her eyes drooped, over the fairness of her face a burning flush rose slowly.

"Felicia, I have betrayed myself to you," he said, gently. "Child, I never intended that you should know. I thought to keep that secret locked forever in my heart. But you are so lovely tonight, and though my lips obeyed my will, my eyes betrayed me. So let me speak this once and ever afterward my lips shall be sealed. I am only a man after all, dear, though my life has been but little given to earthly things, and I have grown to love you, sweet one, with the love, the passion, the absorbing intensity of a lifetime. And now, child, will you try and forget that I ever told you that my love is a lover's love, not that of a father, a brother? Will you give me the same affection, the same confidence, that you have given me since you were a little child?"

She stood with lowered eyes, the rare color still staining the fairness of her cheek, her hands clasping each other.

"Why did you wish me not to know that you love me?" she murmured.

"Because I feared to shock or repel you, to lose your confidence; but more than all, because I knew you could never care for me in that way," he replied.

"And you want me to forget that you ever told me of your love?"

"Yes, I want you to forget that I was so mad. It is better so."

Then she lifted her eyes to his, soft, radiant, tender.

"But what if I tell you that I do not want to forget?" she murmured. "What if I say to you that no sweeter knowledge could ever come to me in life?"

"Felicia," and the wild beating of his heart sent the blood in a crimson flood across the pallor of his face. "Felicia, what do you mean for me to understand? Child, what would you have me hope?"

She smiled, her beautiful lips tremulous.

"Another knowledge came to me with the knowledge of your love," she replied. "Can you guess what it is, Douglas?"

Never had his name upon her lips sounded so unspeakably sweet; never had she uttered it as she did then.

"I shall not try to guess, Felicia," he murmured, "for I want you to tell me."

"It is—it is that I love you," she whispered.

Then his arms closed about her and his lips sought hers.

* * * * * * *

They were alone together, mother and son.

"Ah, my son, I love you too dearly not to rejoice at your happiness," she said, a little tremulously. "I would not pain you, but, Douglas, have you no fears, no misgivings for the future?"

He threw back his head and laughed as she had often seen him do when a boy.

"What should I fear?" he replied. "She is all that is lovely, pure and true in woman and she loves me—what more could I ask of life? Mother, you have loved her since that night I brought her to you an innocent little child. She will not be less dear to you as my wife?"

A smile, that had much of sadness in it, crept about her lips.

"The fact that you love her, that she will be your wife, would make her very dear to me even had I not loved her all these years as my own child," she said. "If I am a little bit jealous at first you must not mind."

He took her hand and lifted it to his lips.

"Dear, no one, not even sweetheart nor wife, can take away one tithe of the love and reverence a son yields to a good mother," he said.

CHAPTER XIX.

Upon the morning following the ball a note was brought to Cecil Warrington. It contained only a few lines.

"My Dear Mr. Warrington: Will you kindly call upon me this afternoon at about three o'clock? I desire very particularly to see you. Yours sincerely,

"FELICIA BARTON."

Cecil Warrington stood with the note in his hand, curious and perplexed. It seemed a little strange that she should send for him. He knew her too well to build any hope upon it. He and Bedell were leaving Cambridge that evening.

"Of course change of scene will not help me in the least," Bedell explained. "But I must get away from here, though I shall be miserable anywhere so far as that is concerned."

His misery, however, had not interfered with his making quite a good and hearty breakfast.

"By the way, Bedell, I think there is a very good reason why Miss Orme failed to reciprocate," said Warrington, watching his friend rather amusedly as the latter helped himself for the second time to fish. "She is in love with some one else."

"What!" cried Bedell, looking up wildly, with the piece of fish suspended on his fork. "You must be mistaken, Warrington. I never saw her show any particular preference for any man."

"Did you ever observe her very closely when that old playmate of hers from the lodge was about?" asked Warrington.

"By George! no," answered Bedell. "I never even thought of paying the fellow so high a compliment as to connect him in that way with Rose Orme. What in thunder are you driving at, Warrington? You never saw the fellow and I don't suppose that Rose told you she was in love with him?"

"Of course not," said Cecil Warrington, quietly. Then he proceeded to relate all that he had seen the previous night when young Spencer appeared upon the scene. "If I ever saw love in a woman's eyes I saw it in Rose Orme's," he concluded. "I believe those two have been in love with each other for years."

"Then I've been a thundering fool, that's all," remarked Bedell.

"But you see you knew nothing of it," said Warrington.

Warrington felt singularly depressed when he started in the afternoon for the parsonage. The day itself was depressing. A chill rain was falling, a gray mist obscured the bay; the warmth and sunlight of June were quenched. The wind sighed fitfully through the trees and scattered the wet rose-leaves across his path as he walked through the parsonage yard. In the parlor was a great bowl of roses which filled the air with perfume.

He was not kept long waiting, for almost at once Felicia entered the room. She wore a soft gray gown as simple as the garb of a nun. Her pale yellow hair was drawn rather severely back from her brow and knotted loosely. She was very different in appearance from the radiant vision which had burst upon his dazzled eyes the previous evening, but she was very lovely and his heart beat quicker with the glamour her presence always evoked. As she moved toward him her eyes fell under his passionate gaze and she flushed.

"You were perhaps surprised that I should send for you," she said.

"I intended coming if you had not done so," he replied. "I am leaving Cambridge this evening—for a time."

"I sent for you to ask you to release me from the promise I made you last night," she went on hurriedly. "You remember—that—that I would try to learn to care for you?"

"What has caused you to change your mind in so short a time?" he asked, huskily.

"Last night you said to me that I did not know my own heart," she replied. "You were right, I did not. But I do now."

Her eyes fell, a soft flush colored her cheeks, her lips were tremulous. She looked then as he had so often pictured her in his mind, even as he wrought upon the canvas the calm, holy beauty of St. Agnes.

"Tell me what you mean," he muttered.

"Last night Douglas told me that he loved me—and then I knew that I loved him. I felt that I ought to tell you this at once, and that is why I sent for you."

A silence fell, broken only by the soft patter of the rain outside and the dirge-like sighing of the wind. The man was staring dully and unseeingly through the window at the wet roses swaying in the chill wind.

"I am very sorry to cause you pain," she added.

Then he turned his white face toward her. He spoke very quietly; despair is always quiet.

"There is but one word to be spoken now between you and me—farewell," he said.

He extended his hand. She looked up into his face and there were tears in her beautiful eyes.

"I hope you will soon forget and be happy," she murmured.

He made no reply, only lifted her hand to his lips, released it and turned away.

CHAPTER XX.

Rose was seated in the pretty boudoir which had been her mother's. It was the afternoon following the ball. Outside the wind sighed and the rain fell, but within all was brightness. Rose had arrayed herself in a pretty white gown trimmed with blue ribbons, and she had twined a spray of blue forget-me-nots in her curls. Her face showed no signs of weariness, though she had danced until four o'clock. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks pink. The pink deepened as the door opened and Roger entered.

"James said I was to come right up," he explained, as he took her hand and his brown eyes lingered upon her face.

She withdrew her hand and sat down. He seated himself beside her.

"I met your father in the hall, Rose," he added a little gravely. "He did not appear particularly pleased to see me. I have always felt that he did not like me."

"You know papa is never very genial," said Rose. "He don't seem to care for people. I was so surprised to see you last night, Roger."

"I hope you were glad also," murmured Roger.

"Oh, of course," demurely.

"But I say, Rose, who was that chap with you? A deuced good-looking fellow."

"That was Cecil Warrington, the artist. Isn't he delightfully handsome?" with a furtive look at Roger's face which had grown positively gloomy. "But, you see, he's madly in love with Felicia Barton," and she broke into a little laugh at the sudden clearing of Roger's overcast face.

He laughed also, a little consciously.

"I've brought you your birthday gift," he said, producing a dainty case of pink plush which he laid on her lap.

She opened the case and uttered an exclamation of admiration. Upon a bed of pink satin lay a bracelet, a thin band of gold set with rubies and sapphires.

"Oh, Roger, how lovely!" cried Rose. "But it must have cost a lot of money, you extravagant boy!"

"Well, I can afford to be extravagant now," he replied. "You know I am really quite rich. I'll tell you why that bracelet took my fancy. The gold is the color of your hair, the sapphires match your eyes, and the rubies are red like your lips."

"Oh!" murmured Rose.

"Let me put it on, Rose," said Roger.

Rose extended her arm which was bare from the elbow, such a pretty, rounded, dimpled arm. Roger slipped the bracelet upon it, then suddenly bent his head and pressed his lips to the soft flesh.

"Rose, I love you!" he cried. "Do you remember when I first went away to school I asked you if you would marry me some day? You promised me then that you would. Are you ready to keep that promise, my darling?"

"I—I think so," she murmured. Then, as he drew her to him, she slipped her arms about his neck and whispered, "Oh, Roger, I believe that I have always loved you, only you."

Walter Orme had just passed into his dressing-room to make his toilet for dinner when there came a tap upon the door and Rose entered.

"I want to speak to you, papa," she said.

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"I want to tell you that I am going to marry Roger."

Orme started and his lips whitened.

"My, God! never!" he cried.

Rose regarded him in startled amazement. His face had turned livid, there was such an odd look in his eyes. As he met her eyes he controlled himself and added, more quietly:

"I beg your pardon, my child. I should not have spoken so vehemently, but your words gave me an unpleasant shock. I have very decided objections to a marriage between you and Roger Spencer."

The color died slowly out of the girl's face. Her father thought of the day he had found her sobbing out her heart over Roger Spencer's departure and how her childish grief had tortured him. Now a woman's pain looked out of her eyes and he wondered how he could bear to see her suffer. But for these two to marry—his daughter and the son of Roger Spencer—no, that must not be.

"What are your objections to my marrying Roger?" asked Rose. "He is rich, though I would have married him just the same had he been poor," defiantly. "Is it because you think him socially beneath me? Roger is a gentleman by nature and by education, if his father was only a farmer. Is it because of that you object to my marrying him?"

Orme had been pacing up and down the room. He paused beside his daughter. He looked at her with eyes the utter misery of which she was powerless to fathom.

"I cannot tell you what my objections are," he answered. "Oh, my child," extending his hands toward her in passionate appeal, "you know how dearly I love you. Have I ever denied any wish of yours? Has not your happiness always been my first thought?"

"Then why do you deny me now when the happiness of my whole life is at stake?" she cried, passionately. "I love Roger. I have always loved him. It will break my heart to be separated from him. You are making me miserable and I hate you!"

He looked at her and her face seemed almost strange to him, with all the pretty color gone from the cheeks, the soft lips rigidly set, the blue eyes dark with pain and anger.

"My child, my child, do not say that!" he cried. "You do not understand. I would give my life to save you from sorrow or pain, but to this thing I cannot consent. You will soon get over this—this fancy."

"Don't talk to me like that," she cried. "My love for Roger is no fancy. It has grown and strengthened with my strength. Papa, you don't mean it—you can't mean it when you know it will break my heart?"

She threw her arms about his neck and clung to him. He looked down upon the pretty, curly head on his breast with infinite misery in his eyes, but with no sign of yielding.

"Rose, my darling, you will kill me!" he murmured. "I cannot consent.

With a passionate burst of tears she tore herself away from him and rushed from the room.

She never stopped until she reached her own room. With trembling hands she tore off her white gown and replaced it with a dark one. She caught up a light wrap and threw it about her head and shoulders. Then she left the room, ran downstairs and out of the house. The rain was still falling, but she never heeded it. She ran swiftly along until she reached the lodge. She entered the house, opened the parlor door and paused on the threshold.

Roger was seated there alone, reading. He looked up, then sprang to his feet with an exclamation of dismay. The pale, wild-eyed girl, her curls clinging damply about her brow, was a startling contrast to the smiling, radiant one he had left a few hours before.

"Rose, what is the matter? What has happened?" he cried.

She sprang across the room and caught his arm.

"Oh, Roger, I have come to you, I could not bear it," she murmured, incoherently.

"What do you mean, dear?" he asked, gently. "Tell me what it is that has distressed you?"

"Papa says that I cannot marry you," she explained. "But that will not matter to us, will it, Roger? Nobody shall separate us.'

His face grew very pale and grave at her words. He evaded a reply.

"You should not have come here like this, Rose," he said. "You are wet and shivering. You may be ill."

She pushed him from her and looked up into his face.

"Roger, why do you not answer me?" she cried. "We will be married whether papa consents or not, will we not?"

"No, Rose," his voice was very gentle, very tender, but very firm. "I cannot marry you without the consent of your father. Your first duty is to him, and, if he will not give you to me, I cannot steal you from him. No, dearly as I love you."

"You do not love me!" she cried, and before he could recover from his bewilderment she ran from the room.

He followed her, but she was already out of the house and rushing swiftly along the avenue. He hesitated for a moment. Then he decided that it would avail nothing if he went after her, so he turned back into the lodge.

CHAPTER XXI.

Rose did not make her appearance at dinner and her father dined—or rather made a pretense of dining—alone. As he was about to leave the table a servant informed him that Dr. Carter was in the drawing-room.

The doctor came forward as Mr. Orme entered. The usual constrained greeting took place between them and then the doctor said

"I stepped in to see Rose. I have a little birthday offering which I neglected to bring last evening."

Walter Orme's eyes lingered upon Dr. Carter's strong face, then, yielding to an irresistible impulse, he said:

"Doctor, there is something I wish to say to you. Will you come with me to the library where we will be secure against interruption?'

"I am quite at your service," was the reply.

Orme led the way to the library. He closed the door and then turned to Dr. Carter. He did not ask him to be seated, but he spoke at once.

"Dr. Carter, you alone know that I have been guilty of a crime, and for twenty years you have kept this secret. I have never tried to say anything in extenuation of that crime, but I will say now that the temptation came to me when I was almost mad with misery, when ruin, dishonor and the loss of the woman I loved stared me in the face. I did not intend to kill, only to rob, but I struck harder than I thought and you know the end. Retributive justice soon overtook me. The woman I loved, to win whom I had committed a crime, was taken from me. Now the specter of that crime rises again from its grave and threatens the dearest thing on earth to me—the happiness of my child. You know how fond Rose has always been of Roger Spencer. This was naturally repugnant to me, but I bore it in silence, as I have borne the presence of that woman and her son at my gates all these years. It was part of my punishment. And it never occurred to me that there was any possibility of my daughter and Roger Spencer ever becoming lovers."

Dr. Carter glanced up quickly, with a slight start.

'I thought that the affection which existed between them was that of brother and sister. Perhaps I was strangely blind. At all events, I was shocked, dismayed, appalled, when Rose came to me this evening and told me that she intended to marry Roger Spencer," and he related the interview which had taken place between his daughter and himself, adding

"I have tried to console myself with the thought that this is but a girlish fancy upon Rose's part that time will cure. But her face haunts me even more than her words of passionate denial that such is the case. How can I bear to see her suffer and know that she suffers for my sin? And yet, for his son and my daughter to marry—ah! the thought fills me with horror. Tell me, what shall I do? To secure the happiness of my child shall I permit her to marry the"—his voice sank to a whisper—"the son of the man I murdered?"

Dr. Carter did not immediately reply. He walked several times up and down the room, his face perplexed and troubled. At length he paused beside Orme.

"I cannot help wishing that you had not appealed to me in this matter," he said, very gravely. "I shrink from the responsibility of deciding or advising, and I confess I am bewildered. Like yourself, there is something horrible to me in the thought of those two becoming man and wife, and yet ——" he paused abruptly.

The door had opened and upon the threshold stood Rose. Her gown was wet and draggled and the shawl had fallen from her shoulders. Her face was colorless, her eyes wild with pain.

Her father made a movement toward her. "Rose, my child!" he cried.

She shrank away from him. She did not appear to notice the presence of Dr. Carter.

"Don't touch me!" she said. "I hate you! You have broken my heart! All these years you have pretended to love me. You never corrected my faults; you never thwarted me in any way. You yielded to my every wish, you were subservient to my every whim. Now, when the dearest hope of my life, my life's happiness, is at stake, you for the first time deny me. You refuse your consent to my marriage with Roger Spencer, but you will not give me any reason for so doing. But I did not intend to permit you to ruin my life had you been ten times my father. I went to the lodge to see Roger. I told him you had refused your consent to our marriage, but that I would marry him without it. But," and her voice faltered, "Roger says he will not marry me without your consent, and," hopelessly, "Roger never changes his mind."

She paused, her lips quivering.

Walter Orme stood with his head sunk upon his breast. In that moment Dr. Carter pitied him. He was shocked at the girl's passionate resentment. She appeared to have but little affection for her father, or she could never have spoken to him in such a manner. Was this the result of his unwise indulgence or was it part of the man's punishment? the doctor asked himself. The child he so dearly loved had turned against him in a selfish, absorbing passion for the son of the murdered Spencer. Was it retribution? As he looked at the girl a pang thrilled through Dr. Carter's heart. Notwithstanding her pallor and her misery she looked to him strikingly like her dead mother. She was the child of the woman he had loved and she was unhappy. He looked at the pretty, bowed head, the white young face, he listened a moment to the piteous sobs into which she had broken, and all irresolution vanished.

He moved forward and laid his hand gently upon the girl's arm.

"Rose," he said, "you will be sorry after a little while that you spoke in such a manner to your father. He desires your happiness above all things on earth. He and I were just discussing this matter of you and Roger. He has told me why he objected to your marriage, but," and he looked steadily at Orme for a moment, "we have decided that those objections may be put aside. So, my little Rose, you have no further cause for unhappiness; your brief day of sorrow has passed."

The color rushed into Rose's cheeks. She lifted a pair of shining eyes to the doctor's face.

"I believe it was all your doing," she cried, and threw her arms about his neck and kissed him.

The doctor took her by the hand and led her up to her father.

A little gravely she lifted her face to his.

"Are you happy now, my child?" he asked, as he bent and kissed her cheek.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Or, rather, I shall be after I have told poor Roger."

"Well, I suppose I had better send Roger up on my way out," said the doctor, with a smile.

"Oh, you dear doctor!" cried Rose. "There is no one so nice as you!"

"And the sooner I depart the better you will be pleased, no doubt," said Dr. Carter.

The rain had ceased and a few pale stars gleamed in the sky as Roger came out to open the gates for Dr. Carter.

"Roger, my boy," said the latter, "you are wanted up at the Hall. Your sweetheart and her papa have come to an understanding and your course of true love will now run smoothly."

"Do you mean me to understand that Mr. Orme has withdrawn his objections to a marriage between his daughter and myself?" Roger quietly inquired.

"Yes, so make haste up to the Hall. Rose will not sleep tonight unless she sees you."

The young man stood silent and irresolute. Dr. Carter guessed instinctively that there was something of a struggle going on within him.

"There, Roger, don't be foolish," he said. "I can understand that your pride has suffered, but forget it. I promised Rose I would send you to her. She loves you, she is in no way to blame and she has suffered. Go to her, my boy, and comfort her."

"You are right, doctor," was the reply. "I will go to her."

A little later Rose and Roger entered the library where Walter Orme sat alone.

"Papa, here is Roger," said Rose.

Orme arose and came slowly forward. He looked first at his daughter's radiant face and then at the handsome, manly one of the young man by her side.

"My child loves you," he said. "You will make her happy?"

"It will not be from want of trying if I do not, sir," was the response

Orme held out his hand, but his lips paled and he shuddered as he felt the clasp of Roger Spencer.

CHAPTER XXII.

About a week later, as Dr. Carter was about to sit down to dinner, a servant from Orme Hall was shown into the room.

"Mr. Orme has been thrown from his horse and hurt, doctor," he said. "Will you please come at once?"

The doctor hastily swallowed a cup of coffee, caught up a slice of bread from the table, and declared himself ready to accompany the servant.

"Mr. Orme is at the lodge," the latter explained, as they rode rapidly toward the Hall. "It was there his horse shied and threw him. His head struck a stone and he has been unconscious ever since."

When the doctor reached the lodge Rose came out on the porch to meet him. She looked pale and frightened.

"Oh, doctor, I am so glad you have come!" she exclaimed, clinging, for a moment, to the doctor's arm.

He followed her into the house. She led the way to a bedroom on the first floor. [illegible] upon the bed white and [illegible] Mrs. Spencer was sitting [illegible]

The wife of the murdered man ministering to his murderer. An irony of fate, thought the doctor.

He bent over and made an examination of the injured man.

"He is very badly hurt," he [illegible] cannot tell at present w[illegible] will be. He must not be m[illegible] Is your son here?" he inqu[illegible] Spencer.

"Roger went to Baltimore [illegible] night," was the reply. "He will return tomorrow [illegible] next day. Mr. Orme shall have every attention, doctor."

"Very good. I will telegraph to Baltimore for a professional nurse."

Walter Orme lay unconscious [illegible] night. Dr. Carter left word [illegible] to be sent for in case there was a change. At about noon the summons came. W[illegible] Orme had aroused out of the stupor [illegible] was raving in delirium. Mrs. Spencer was alone in the sick room when the doctor entered.

At the sight of the doctor, Orme, who had been muttering incoherently, cowered down in the bed and cried wildly

"Go away—leave me in peace! I know that I murdered Spencer, but it was to save myself from ruin."

Dismayed and appalled, the doctor bent over him and tried to soothe him

"Compose yourself!" he murmured. "You are raving! Don't you know me, Mr. Orme? I am Dr. Carter

A hand fell heavily upon his arm. He started and turned. Mrs Spencer stood at his side. Her face was white, but her eyes were glittering. It was the same look, only intensified, that he had seen upon her face on the day she had come out to ask him if James Jones were dead.

"Let him be!" she cried fiercely. 'He shall tell all. I will hear it

She roughly pushed the doctor aside and bent over the sick man.

"Yes," she murmured, in low, quiet tones, "you murdered Spencer. Go on, tell me all about it."

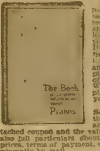
"Yes, yes," muttered Orme, "I'll tell you all about it. I murdered Spencer for that ten thousand dollars. There he stands now in the doorway with the red stain across his forehead, as he stood that evening. No, no, there he goes staggering along in the moonlight!"

At that moment the door opened and Rose entered. Her face was pale, her eyes were tired and full of trouble. She went up and bent over her father.

"Why, papa, you are better?" she exclaimed.

Dr. Carter held his breath in dire suspense. He looked from pretty, girlish Rose to the woman on the other side of the bed with her white face and her cold, glittering

(Continued on page fourteen.)



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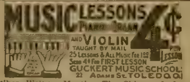
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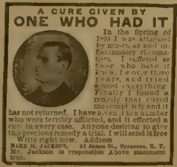
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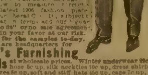

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CHAPTER XIII.

"As they led him away to the guardhouse—a deserted log cabin just inside the lines—he seemed to see the sentence printed in enormous black letters in the air, yet strange and difficult to read. He walked like one in a dream, looking at the black words as they moved before him. When they led him into the little prison he stood still, staring before him. One of the guards spread a blanket upon the floor and bade him lie down and rest. Mechanically he stretched himself upon the blanket, laid his brown wrist across his eyes and remained motionless for hours.

" 'To be shot in the morning at sunrise!' The sentence repeated itself in his brain a thousand times, hammering slowly and sadly like his heart. He seemed not moved at all by emotion or excitement; only a long train of dim forms and faces, places and deeds, conversations and incidents, twining and intertwining with that slowly throbbing train of words, and forever beating their way slowly through his numbed and weary brain. At length he lay in a dull drowse, the black words died slowly down to what seemed a line of burning candles, these dwindled slowly and one by one went out; he turned himself upon his side and with a restful murmur of contentment slept.

"After a time he stirred; his shoulder and side ached from the hard floor; he put out his hands to right and left, and touching the hard floor with his fingers, burst into broad consciousness. A cannon boomed not far away. 'To be shot at sunrise!' The words smote through him like a sheet of flame. He bounded up and for a moment stood trembling. Then he began walking slowly up and down, dully picturing the scene of his execution. He seemed to see the sun lifting itself from the woods to the eastward, the twelve blue-clad soldiers with muskets leveled at his breast, and the strange expression of their eyes looking along the gun-barrels. How would the lead feel when it rained into his bosom? Would any of the men know him? Would they not avert their faces with shame when Laughing Thad was being shot like a dog?

"This last made his heart leap and his blood burn in his veins. It was the most poignant thorn that pierced and quickened him. He stood still and listened; there was heavy firing along the front. He looked out the little window near the door; lights were moving here and there through the gloom, and he could hear the muffled tramp of moving columns.

"From the distant beleaguered city came many noises. Suddenly a roar of musketry swept from right to left along the lines, then ran roaring back again. Ah, if he could only go out there and die at the front like a man instead of at sunrise like a dog! His heart beat against his side like a hammer, shaking him from head to foot. The enemy must be making an assault, attempting to break out through the ever-tightening lines, and the boys were driving them back! And he was not there, but shut up like a dangerous, hated rat! He caught hold of the door and wrenched at it; it was fastened. He stood still again and listened. Now and again something fell upon the roof as he remembered hickory nuts used to drop in autumn upon the barn at home.

"In a moment the solution came to him; spent bullets were falling upon the roof. The Union soldiers must be falling back.

" 'We are getting whipped,' he cried. 'Oh, God, please let me out of this so I can help!'

He tore at the door like a madman, then turned and dashed the window into pieces with his naked fist, and leaped out.

"The gray of coming dawn was stealing over the fields. He looked about him; the guard lay dead near the door, a stray bullet in his brain!

"A great hope leaped up in Thad; for the moment his blood ran fire. With eager, trembling fingers he stripped off the dead man's accouterments and placed them upon himself, and took up the gun. Then a sudden thought staggered him: They would think that he had killed his guard and escaped, and that would be far greater dishonor than all the rest! He stood still a moment, thinking, then turned, and with a few well-delivered kicks burst open the door. He entered and brought out the blanket and spread it carefully over the fallen soldier; then placing the gun at [illegible] arms, he took the dead man's beat.

Slowly he paced up and down, guarding his own prison and the fallen guard and waiting for the sun to rise. For an hour at least he would be an honorable soldier again, and when the sun rose they would know that Laughing Thad was true!

"The firing was almost incessant, ebbing from one wing of the army to the other, horsemen and figures were flying everywhere through intermittent flashes of light and gloom, but Thad walked on. Presently streaks of light ran up the east, morning was breaking, and the stir and excitement augmented its advent. Surely a general assault must be on foot! Some saw the solitary sentinel pacing to and fro before the doomed man's hut, but thought nothing strange. Suddenly Thad's colonel, his hand in a sling, came hurrying by, going toward the front. He stopped in astonishment.

" 'In Heaven's name, what are you doing, Thad?' he exclaimed.

"The condemned youth saluted. 'The man who was guarding me got shot. I broke out of prison and am guarding myself,' he said.

"The colonel grasped Thad's hand and exclaimed aloud his amazement and approval.

" 'Isn't there a fight going on this morning, Colonel? Aren't we going to charge?' asked Thad imploringly.

" 'Yes,' said the officer, 'the enemy has been trying to break out. They have assaulted twice and driven our lines back. We are going to charge right away.'

" 'Oh, let me go in with you, Colonel! Let me go in with you!' cried Thad, trembling with eagerness. 'You told me before I ran away that you needed me! Surely you need me now! I'm not afraid to die, but, oh, let me die like a man! Let me go into the charge and die! If I'm not killed I'll come back and be shot!' He dropped on his knees before the officer. 'I swear it to you, Colonel, I'll come back here and be shot!' he cried, clasping the officer about the thighs and looking up with a face that was white with suffering and eagerness. 'Let me go in, Colonel; let me lead the charge like I did at Donelson! Then, if I don't fall, you can have me shot if you want to!'

"Tears of pity sprang into the officer's eyes as he looked down at the boyish face. 'Thad,' he said, 'you are a greater soldier than any of us. We are going to charge right away. Your regiment is straight ahead here. I'm not giving you permission to go anywhere, for you are under arrest, but I am going to the front and I'll not look back to see what you do!'

"Thad leaped up and cried aloud with joy. Ten minutes later the column swept forward onto the terrible field. They were were mown down as with a scythe, and the line wavered, but Thad strode on. Many faces were white as death, but Thad's was flushed with light and color, and he held his head erect. His cap, perched on the tip of his bayonet, was held aloft, and as he went straight toward the blazing breastworks of the foe, he yelled the charge with all his strength. The colonel followed him, sword in hand, cheering the men to victory.

"Onward they swept straight into the pitiless hail. Hundreds fell, but the column rolled against the breastworks like a blue engulfing wave. For a moment it paused there, met by a counterwave of human forms and flame; smoke, filled with blades of fire and struggling shapes, leaped up like froth from two mighty smiting billows; in the midst of it Laughing Thad mounted the breastworks with clubbed musket and a yell of triumph on his lips; then the blue wave plunged over the earthworks into the open ground with a thousand victorious cries, and seethed like a lapsing breaker. Among the red wreckage lay Thad, a strange smile on his upturned face!

"Well, they didn't carry him back to the guardhouse, but straight to a hospital. He lay there for weeks, slowly creeping back to life. Then one day a huge envelope came to the colonel from the Secretary of War. There were all sorts of articles of writing in the envelope; petitions, letters, sworn depositions, and printed speeches. One paper, more important than the rest, was signed by the President of the United States and the Secretary of War. In it was a sentence which read: 'The young private, Thaddeus Mandon, is hereby pardoned and released from the findings of the court-martial which, on June 22, 1863, pronounced him guilty of desertion. The decision of the court-martial is set aside by the President in view of the extreme youth of this soldier, and his gallant and meritorious conduct in the assault upon Fort Donelson and in the last day of active fighting at Vicksburg.' "

Mr. Young paused. "Guess that's about all," he said, "except that Thad finally recovered and came home and five years later married Violet."

Instantly there was applause, hands grasped the speaker's and in more than one pair of eyes there was moisture. "I declare," said the man who had been carried past his station, "I believe that is the best story yet! This trip certainly is a picnic!"

Dannie held his handkerchief in his hand. He had wadded it into a moist lump as the story proceeded. He longed to use it upon his eyes, for with the climax of the narrative they swam in sympathetic dew. But Dannie was sixteen and hated to appear childish; he set his teeth hard and strove to hide his feelings. He looked at Mute. The boy was gazing steadily at Mr. Young, a kind of mingled fear and joy in his face.

"I am Thad Mandon," he suddenly broke out. "I know the story! I've heard it before!"

Every one turned quickly toward the pale youth. "Ah, I thought so; now I see!" exclaimed Mr. Norton.

"What—what was that you said?" demanded Mr. Young, as he turned toward Mute.

"My name is Thaddeus Mandon. My father's name was Thaddeus Mandon, my mother's name was Violet—that is, it somehow seems to me so. But I can—I can't just remember them. As I see myself reflected in the mirror here at the end of the car now, I remember myself and that my name is Thad Mandon, but I don't remember where I used to be. There is something vague—houses and big hills and a wide, wide field of blue water, and somehow there seem figures of two people, a man and a woman—so faint, so very vague and faint!—and the man goes, floats away, and I can't find him. The woman, it seems like a woman—stays longer, but she goes, far and far, and I now can't see anything of her."

The boy put his hand out as if reaching toward a distant, dissolving vision. He dropped his hand. "No," he said with a sigh, "I thought I remembered, but it is all gone now, only I remember the story. It seemed once or twice as if the vague woman was telling the story to me somewhere, but I can' tell—I don't know!"

The men withdrew their eyes from the boy's face and looked at each other. "This is strange," said Mr. Young to Mr. Norton, "do you understand it?"

"Not wholly, but I think I know who the young man is," Mr. Norton replied. He turned to Dannie. "My boy," he said, "do you understand this? I think you said that your comrade's name is Marvel?"

"That is what we called him, because that was the name on his boat. We called him Mute, too, because at first he couldn't talk," said Dannie.

The men looked puzzled. "At first he couldn't talk, you say; what do you mean by that?" asked the attorney.

Dannie stirred uneasily; it seemed that he must tell the full truth. "Mute came to us in the cyclone," he said. "Uncle and I found him in a boat, all wrapped up, down in our lake. He had been brought by the cyclone from somewhere. He'd been hurt—hit on the back of the head by something. He couldn't remember anything, and at first he couldn't talk. Doctor Hammond said that something had been jarred out of place in his head; he used some big words that I don't remember. He said Mute would get well sometime, but it was hard to tell just when. Mute began to talk when we caught the big muskallonge. He got excited and broke right out talking. He's been all right since, only he don't remember very well yet, do you, Mute?"

Dannie looked at his comrade with a cast of apology in his regard.

"No," replied the boy, "I don't remember well, only things that have happened since I knew you. But my name is Thad Mandon, I remember that, and I remembered this story, but just where I heard it and who told it to me is not clear to me. Call me Thad after this, Dannie."

"All right, but it don't seem just natural," said Dannie.

Mr. Norton arose and with a slight movement of his head beckoned Mr. Young and Mr. Howland to follow him.

CHAPTER XIV.

THAD MANDON FINDS HIMSELF.

The three gentlemen passed through the vestibule rearward from the buffet and entered a Pullman sleper. Mr. Norton had the stateroom of the car and invited his companions into it. When they were seated, he said:

"This is a curious case, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Young, "it is odd. It seems to be that phase of mental derangement which, I think, physicians call am[illegible]. I never before came in contact with a person afflicted with it."

"Nor I," said Mr. Howland.

"You stated, Mr. Young, that you had known the man, Thaddeus Mandon, of whose boyhood you told us the story," remarked Mr. Norton.

"Yes, he used to be a division superintendent on the C. T. & M., when I was a young fellow in the service there. He himself told me the story. He has now been dead seven or eight years."

"Do you remember who constituted Mr. Mandon's family?" asked Mr. Norton.

"His wife and, I think, four children—two sons, fifteen or twenty years of age, a younger daughter, and a baby boy. The baby boy was born long after the others. The period in which I knew them was some twelve years ago."

"I fancy that the baby boy, grown up, is in the car ahead of us."

"It begins to look that way. Do you know anything about the family, Mr. Norton?"

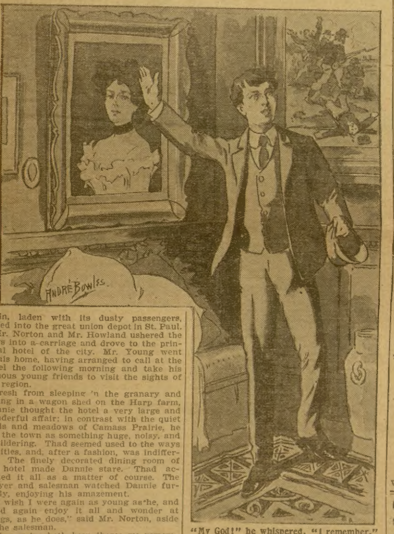
"Well, this much; there is a Mandon in Duluth. He is about thirty-five years of age, and is an official of the Lake Superior and Southern. I think he is at present in Europe. The young fellow in the buffet car strongly resembles him. I am not entirely sure, but I fancy that I have seen this boy at some time in Duluth. It has occurred to me that, when I have my business in St. Paul completed, I might get the young chap to go with me to Duluth. Possibly he might locate himself and get straightened out."

"A good idea, I think," said Mr. Young.

"Yes," said Mr. Howland, "I am going up that way also. Maybe I can be of some use. These boys did me a great service and I am anxious to aid them, if they need help in any way."

"Certainly we are all interested," said Mr. Young. "We will try to arrange it."

There was further talk as the train rumbled onward, and at noon the three men re-entered the buffet car and invited Dannie and Thad—the latter insisted on being thus addressed—to lunch with them in the dining car. About two o'clock the dusty train, laden with its dusty passengers, rolled into the great union depot in St. Paul.



"My God!" he whispered, "I remember."

Mr. Norton and Mr. Howland ushered the boys into a carriage and drove to the principal hotel of the city. Mr. Young went to his home, having arranged to call at the hotel the following morning and take his famous young friends to visit the sights of the region.

Fresh from sleeping in the granary and dining in a wagon shed on the Harp farm, Dannie thought the hotel a very large and wonderful affair; in contrast with the quiet fields and meadows of Camass Prairie, he felt the town as something huge, noisy, and bewildering. Thad seemed used to the ways of cities, and, after a fashion, was indifferent. The finely decorated dining room of the hotel made Dannie stare. Thad accepted it all as a matter of course. The lawyer and salesman watched Dannie furtively, enjoying his amazement.

"I wish I were again as young as he, and could again enjoy it all and wonder at things, as he does," said Mr. Norton, aside to the salesman.

"Yes, we've both been there; we remember. It seems a sort of tragedy to have grown so used to the world that we marvel no longer at anything," murmured Mr. Howland.

"After all, about the only compensation that inexperience has is that it can wonder and marvel. Something is due innocent ignorance, you see, and it has it in this."

Mr. Howland smiled and nodded. "Well, I can still wonder about some things. I am wondering if the sheriff and his men captured the thief who attempted to abscond with my sample case."

Dannie pricked up his ears. "When shall we know?" he asked.

"Mr. Young expects a report this evening. I presume he can tell us in the morning," Mr. Howland replied.

When Mr. Young arrived at the hotel in the morning he reported that "Mr. Blue-tooth," as Dannie once called him, had escaped the sheriff. A very shabby tramp had been seen walking away along the road leading southward from the scene of the attempted robbery, but he, too, had disappeared.

"That was probably the one," said Dannie. "I expect he turned his hat and clothes inside-out and went away as a tramp."

"No doubt," said Mr. Howland, "but some one may lay hands on him yet."

"I hope so," replied Dannie, but he did not know that fate had decreed that he and Thad were to accomplish the feat.

Later in the morning Mr. Norton and Mr. Howland went about their business affairs, and Mr. Young, after having taken the boys through the general offices of the Northern Central, where they were presented to the president and other officials, went with them to several points of interest.

That evening several newspaper men called at the hotel and interviewed the young heroes relative to their adventure with "Mr. Blue-tooth," and the following morning the press of the city bore front-page articles descriptive of the struggle and its outcome, together with startling illustrations and hastily made "pen-and-ink" portraits of the boys. Copies of these papers were sent to Uncle Nathan, and created, as may be fancied, astonishment and gratification in the Harp home.

Another thing of interest had been received by Uncle Nathan. On the morning following the arrival of Dannie and Thad in the city Mr. Norton had proposed that they accompany him to Duluth, explaining that he wished them to visit him and see the town at the head of Lake Superior. However, Thad would not consent to go anywhere without Dannie, so Uncle Nathan received a long telegram from Mr. Young informing him of Mr. Norton's wish and object. Uncle Nathan replied, giving his consent and approval, thus leaving the two boys with a visit to Duluth in prospect.

They found in and about St. Paul and Minneapolis a good many things of interest, especially so to Dannie, but nothing that they saw aroused in them so much enthusiasm as the vast flouring mills by the falls of St. Anthony and the shops and roundhouses of the railroad. To look upon machinery that turned fifty thousand bushels of wheat into flour in a single day was surely worth while, and to watch car-wheels and engine drivers forced onto axles by hydraulic pressure, and to see giant steam hammers working and cranes picking up locomotives that weighed a hundred tons and easily moving them about, was remarkable and inspiring. Dannie felt more distinctly that the world was large and wonderful with man's greatness; he longed more keenly than ever to achieve things in it.

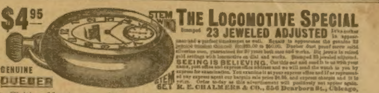
On the fifth day of their arrival, accompanied by Mr. Norton and Mr. Howland, the lads were off for Duluth. For hours the train rolled through a green world, touched faintly here and there with the first russet tinge of autumn, then through a long waste of blackened pine stubs, the scene of a great forest fire, then through regions of green pines and hills set with groves of oaks, and finally, in the afternoon, they drew into the town of Superior, and in another half hour were in Duluth.

At Superior Thad began to look about him with a glow of interest; he recognized and remembered the region. When he beheld the mighty blue mirror of the greatest of all earthly lakes shimmering in the distance, he burst out joyously:

"There it is! there it is! Lake Superior! I've seen that before!"

When they got down from the train in Duluth they went at once to the chief hotel. Mr. Norton and Mr. Howland were no longer watching Dannie; their eyes followed Thad's every movement, noting the changing play of feeling and recognition mirrored in his eyes and face. In the hotel they entered an elevator and were taken to a spacious observatory at the top of the building.

About them, spread out like an open fan, lay the wide panorama of the city, the



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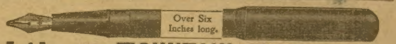
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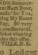

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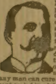

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harbor, the azure plain of the lake, ships coming and going, tall stacks belching smoke, trains creeping along distant shores, and all inclosed by a vast half-circle of green hills. The scene was singularly large and beautiful. Dannie went into raptures while Thad leaped about and shouted delightedly:

"I know the place! I've seen it before! This is Duluth! The house is up there! Don't you see it, up there along the shore!" He pointed excitedly where hundreds of residences dotted the northeastern curve of the inclosing amphitheater of hills.

"We are on the right track," said Mr. Norton, in an aside to Mr. Howland. "Come!"

They descended and, calling a carriage, drove out a long street northward. Thad was happy, looking about him and recognizing everything. Finally the carriage drew up before a spacious residence and they alighted. Thad started up the walk on a run, beckoning the others to follow. He tried the door, but it was locked, he rang the bell and waited. Presently a servant unlocked the door and swung it open.

"Why, Mr. Thad!" the woman exclaimed, "Mr. Thad, is it really you?"

The youth shook the woman's hand laughingly. "I guess it is, though I am not very sure," he said.

The woman stared at him curiously, then looked at the others. "Will you come in?" she asked civilly.

"Yes, come in, gentlemen, come in! I know this house all right," said Thad.

He brushed by the servant eagerly and the others followed him. They entered a reception hall, in which there was a fireplace and a fine staircase, from the hall they passed through a wide, curtain-draped door into a long, finely furnished parlor, and from that through another door, two-thirds the width of the room, into a second and still larger room. All the way Thad was smiling happily and looking about him. Dannie thought it the most magnificent place he had ever been in. In the second parlor they paused, and Thad suddenly sprang toward a picture on the wall, a life-sized painting of a beautiful woman.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, "mother!" and stood before it with clasped hands, trembling all over. He turned half way around, his face aglow with a kind of glory. Facing him at the end of the room was another and larger picture, a painting of a battle-scene. In the picture were trees wreathed with rolling smoke, and in the smoke below were two battle-lines of soldiers clashing together about a breastwork, and upon the breastwork in the midst of the terrible combat was the figure of a boyish soldier with clubbed musket lifted on high, and with a yell of triumph on his lips, pitching forward into the blazing ranks of the foe.

Thad gazed at it a moment, then with a strange cry he convulsively pressed a hand hard upon each of his temples and staggered. As he pressed his head between his hands he looked at Dannie and the men with wide, startled eyes.

"My God!" he whispered, "I remember—I remember—everything!" He reeled back as if struck by a blinding light. Dannie sprang forward with outstretched hands, and suddenly Thad flung his arms about Dannie's neck and buried his face on his shoulder, laughing and crying like an enraptured child.

This splendid story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Any one desiring to have the story in book form may procure it by mail from the publishers for $1.25, postage paid. In book form it is most beautifully bound in blue and is illustrated with full page pictures. The book contains 312 pages. It makes a fine birthday present for boys. Address Lee & Shepard, 202 Devonshire street, Boston, Mass.

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Her Angel Face.

(Continued from page eleven.)

eyes. Then Orme spoke.

"Rose, my darling child!" he murmured, soothed into calm by her voice, her touch. Then his eyes closed and he slept.

Dr. Carter touched Mrs. Spencer upon the arm.

"Come into the next room," he said; "I wish to speak to you."

She glanced at the sleeping man, then followed him.

When they were alone the doctor faced her sternly and asked:

"What do you intend doing?"

"I intend to deliver up to justice the murderer of my husband," she replied.

"Then you will deliver up a dead man," said Dr. Carter. "Walter Orme is dying."

"I do not believe you!" she cried, a look of savage disappointment crossing her face. "You are trying to deceive me in order to shield him."

"What would it avail me to try to deceive you?" he answered. "I tell you that Walter Orme will soon stand in the presence of God—to answer for that crime."

"Will he recover consciousness before he dies?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, I think it very probable that he will be conscious for a few minutes previous to death."

"Then those minutes—the last of his life—shall be ones of torture," she cried, exultantly.

"What do you mean?"

"That I shall tell her—the child he adores—that her father is a thief and a murderer. She shall turn from him in horror and aversion. I shall crowd into the last few minutes of his life the suffering and torture of years. Death shall not balk me of my revenge—my just revenge upon a cowardly assassin!"

"Revenge is never justice," said Dr. Carter. "God hath said, 'Vengeance is Mine.' Surely you will not be so cruel as to darken with such a knowledge the life of that innocent girl, who, while she is his daughter, is also the child of the woman who befriended you in the hour of your direst need. You will not blight Rose Orme's life simply to subject to a few minutes' torture the man who must soon stand in the presence of the Avenger of all wrongs?"

"The sins of the parents shall be visited upon the children. I cannot help what she may suffer. I have suffered. I shall avenge so far as lies in my power the murderer of my husband. All these years that man has lived honored and respected, but the world shall know at last that he was a living lie."

She made a movement toward the door. Dr. Carter intercepted her.

"Listen to me for a few moments," he said. "You appear to have forgotten that the blow you aim at this girl will fall also upon your son. He loves——"

"His love will turn to hate when he learns the truth," she cried. "He shall not marry the daughter of the man who murdered his father."

"You do not understand the nature of your son if you think his love will turn to hate," said Dr. Carter, firmly. "Believe me, he will only love her the more tenderly in her sorrow and her shame. And he will suffer even as she suffers."

Before she had time to reply the door opened and Rose entered.

"Papa is still sleeping, doctor," she said. "He is better, is he not?"

The doctor took her hand gently in his.

"No, my dear," he replied. "Your father is dying."

She burst into tears. There was a step in the hall outside, the door opened, and Roger entered. The girl sprang forward and was folded in his arms. He bent over her with tender words and caresses. She clung to him, sobbing.

Dr. Carter turned toward Mrs. Spencer. Her eyes were fixed upon her son. Then she turned and moved to Dr. Carter's side.

"I cannot hurt my son," she whispered. "I leave that man to God. Never in life or death, however, will I look upon his face again."

A little while later Rose, Roger and Dr. Carter stood beside Walter Orme's deathbed. It looked as though he would pass from sleep to death, but suddenly his eyes opened and rested upon his daughter's face.

"My child—ask God—to pardon—that I may look upon your—mother's face," he murmured, and with those words his soul passed into eternity.

A month later Rose and Roger were married. The bride wore a black gown, but Felicia had twined orange blossoms in the golden curls.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A year later.

In the reception room of a hotel in Paris Harry Bedell was bending over a young girl reclining gracefully in a low chair. She was very pretty, with brown eyes, auburn hair and creamy complexion.

Cecil Warrington, walking slowly down the long room, looked at them with a slightly cynical smile.

"After all, he is fortunate who can so easily forget," he murmured.

He cleared his throat discreetly. Bedell straightened up and the girl blushed.

"Why, hello, Warrington! So you've turned up at last!" exclaimed Bedell. "Where have you kept yourself all day?"

"I have been making preparations to return to America," answered Warrington.

"Why, this is rather sudden, is it not?"

"Perhaps, but I am tired of Paris, of Europe. I shall get back to my studio and to hard work."

"Of course you will return to America with your friend, Mr. Bedell?" said the girl, demurely.

Bedell looked at her reproachfully.

"Such was not my intention," he replied.

Alice Marlton was a pretty English girl whom Bedell had met some months previous. He had followed in her train ever since and it required no great amount of discrimination to see how matters would terminate.

"How very handsome Mr. Warrington is!" said the girl when they were again alone. "But he looks so sad. Is he unhappy about anything?"

"Well, yes, he's unhappy about a young woman," replied Bedell. "He is wildly in love with a young girl who happened not to reciprocate. She was married the other day."

"And Mr. Warrington cannot forget her and is miserable!" cried Miss Marlton. "How intensely romantic! I just adore a man of that kind!"

"Oh, let's talk of something else!" cried Bedell, hastily.

The End.

Absentminded Instructor.

Professor Barrett Wendell of Harvard, who lectured on America in Paris at the Sorbonne, was describing at a banquet absent-minded men he had met.

"We had once at Cambridge," he said, "a very absent-minded Latin instructor. This gentleman would plod the streets with an open book held before his face, and every one had to get out of his way, as though he had been blind.

"It is said of him that one spring day, as he was walking in the outskirts of Cambridge with his usual open book, he stumbled against a cow, and before he had time to collect his thoughts mechanically he took off his hat and murmured:

"'Madam, I beg your pardon.'

"Then he perceived his mistake, and continued on his way, reading as before. Half a mile on he collided with a beautiful young lady, whereupon, in a ferocious voice, he said:

"'Is that you again, you brute?'"

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When She Registered.

When Mrs. Willoughby asked them, the trio sitting in the clubroom admitted that they had failed to register the week before. "And now you can't vote for those university trustees," she said reproachfully. "I had a dressmaker," Mrs. McCormick explained. "I had no one to go with," confessed Mrs. Dorr. "I meant to go, but I thought it was next week," said Mrs. Denison.

"Shame on you all!" triumphed Mrs. Willoughby. "Ladies, I wish to announce that I registered."

"Good for you!" the three said together.

"It took determination," admitted Mrs. Willoughby. "I was all day registering. Mrs. Jarvis came in right after breakfast, like a regular missionary, and marched me off to the place where she and another woman had just registered, after I'd gone through the ordeal of taking the oath before those men, who were dying to laugh, they asked me my name and address. I gave them.

"'This ain't her precinct!' they all shouted together. 'What's she doing here?'

"It hadn't occurred to Mrs. Jarvis that I couldn't register where she did, and she'd taken me 'way up there for nothing. The men told us where to go, but they all talked at once, and somehow we got into the wrong place again. I took that oath—hand up and all—a second time, only to be told, when I gave my address, that I'd have to go three blocks farther.

"The place for me to register was right in the fruit store, within a block of our house. Just as we were going in Mrs. Jarvis said she must hurry away to keep an appointment, because she was an hour late already. 'You know the ropes now,' she said, 'and can go ahead alone.'

"But somehow I couldn't. I stood in a drugstore opposite and watched men, men, men going in and out of that place. At last a woman went in, and I scurried across the street to get in at the same time. But before I was half-way there out she came, red in the face. She had gone in to buy something without knowing it was the registration place.

"I felt utterly blighted, and went home to luncheon. All the afternoon I kept my hat on, and over and over I started out and came back. About 8 o'clock my father came in. Mr. Willoughby was down town and I wheedled father—who doesn't believe in woman's rights a bit—into taking me over to register."

"What was it like?" Mrs. Willoughby's club sisters wanted to know.

"There were eight or nine men standing and smoking, and five or six sitting behind a table ready to write down whatever I said. I knew every one of the men. They were our neighbors and perfectly harmless. Why I should have been frightened out of my senses is beyond me—but I was. While I was waiting my turn, Mr. Powell—he lives in our block—gave me a chair, and began joking because I was the first woman to register there that day."

"Will you have to go to that same dreadful place to vote?" asked timid Mrs. Dorr.

"You don't think I'm going to vote, do you?" demanded Mrs. Willoughby, spiritedly. "No; I've done enough for one woman. I'll let some of the others do their duty now."

Scrap of History.

Here is a story that comes from the Wenona fire department.

Pat was a recent importation, but instead of landing a job on "th' foorce" he got an assignment as a teamster.

Unaccustomed to the ways of this country, he was continually getting into trouble with his wagon, owing principally to the fact that he insisted upon turning to the left instead of the right.

At last these occurrences became so frequent that the stable boss informed him he would be given just one more trial.

Pat had been away from the barns, after this warning, only a short time when word came that his outfit had been badly demolished again and the report was confirmed later by Pat himself.

"Didn't I tell you always to turn to the right?" asked the boss.

"Well, sor," said Pat, "I did turn to the right whhin I met the fire engine, but fwhat good did it do? Right afther thim was a gang of drunken painters wid a wagon load of ladders an' they run right into me, sor!"

Cut Out the Coupon.

In another column the Continental Commercial Co., of St. Louis, print a coupon which entitles any of our readers to a contract certificate for from $100.00 to $500.00 in the stock of that company. If you have not yet cut out the coupon and returned it, it will be well for you to do so at once, as the Company is receiving many hundreds of these coupons daily and the offer cannot remain open long.

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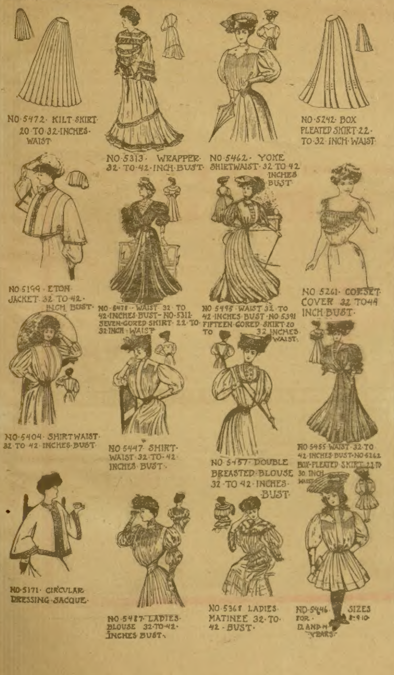
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These prizes are given as we wish to have our Magazine brought prominently to the attention of everyone living in the United States. Our Magazine is carefully edited and filled with the choicest literary matter that the best authors produce.

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Our Magazine is a fine, large paper, filled with fascinating stories of love and adventure, and now has a circulation of 400,000 copies each issue. We will send FREE a copy of the latest issue of our Magazine, to everyone who answers this advertisement.

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Once on a time, in far Japan,
There lived a busy little man,
So merry and so full of fun
That people called him In-door Sun.

Now In-door Sun made mirrors fine,
Like those in your house and in mine,
And in these looking-glasses bright
His own face saw from morn till night.

It made him feel so very sad
To see his face look cross and bad,
That he began to take great care
To keep a sweet smile always there.

And soon he found that those he knew,
All seemed to like him better, too;
For, like the mirrors, every one
Began to smile on In-door Sun!

Now try this just one day and see
How bright and smiling you can be;
You'll find both happiness and fun
In playing you're an "in-door sun!"

—Little Folks.

Besieged by Lions.

From Mount Darwin, in Rhodesia, South Africa, comes this complaint by a settler under date of July 1: "I did not think it anything very extraordinary when I was camped on the Riua, near the Portuguese boundary, with 100 boys, that a lion should come one night and carry off one of them and that three other lions should make several attempts to get into the camp. There, of course, was no civilization, but here in Darwin, with our white population and buildings, it is astonishing how daring the lions are. On the 26th of last month a lion came into the camp and took one of four boys. The others gave the alarm, and though the black watch fired several shots the lion did not drop the body. Two nights afterward they came again, but contented themselves by carrying a bag of mealies about twenty-five yards and pulling over some others. The same night they took a pointer dog from Darwin's store. At Warberton's store one lion put his paw through the window and tore down the mosquito netting over the bed.

"On the night of the 23d ult. five of the police watched at Warberton's store and had a goat tied to a heavy ladder for bait. Shots were fired at a lioness that came in sight. She, however, turned and ran a short distance, then, facing round, saw the goat and with a lightning bound landed on it. Two shots were then fired at her, but without effect, it being too dark to take aim. The lioness seized the goat and dragged it about 200 yards. She returned about two hours afterward and must have seen Trooper Wilson's eyes watching her, for she came madly at the hut where he was. He, however, got in a lucky shot, for she fell, giving terrific roars. She then cleared, roaring all the time and tearing up the ground in her fury as she went.

"Lions also raided Mr. Bourke's wagon and donkeys, tearing down the buck sail but doing no further damage. The lion trouble is becoming a very serious one here, but we hope to be more successful in killing them with the trap guns which we are setting."

An Old Ball Game.

In the days before baseball became so popular—in fact, when that game was almost unknown—boys used to play "one hole cat," a game from which some say baseball was originally derived.

There was an old Scotch game of much the same name as the popular game of fifties, but which is considered different in the way it is played. The game is called "cat in the hole," and, old as it is, it is capable of affording some good sport yet.

In playing the game six shallow holes are dug, rather nearer together than the bases in baseball, and arranged so as to form a diamond. In the center stands a boy with a ball in his hand. At each hole is a boy with a stick, one end of which he rests in the hole he is guarding. When the boy with the ball sings out, "Cat in the hole," all the other boys change holes. As they do so the boy with the ball tries to throw it into one of the holes before any boy gets his stick into it. If he succeeds, the boy who is slow in changing, and finds the ball in the hole before his stick, is out. He then has to take the ball himself.

Slot Machines as Newsboys.

You have grown accustomed to seeing slot machines for the sale of chocolate, chewing gum and candy, but no doubt would be surprised if your father bought his paper from one instead of a newsboy.

In Berlin, away over in Germany, the people are doing just that thing, and like the method very much. Newspapers are sold at such low rates that there is almost no profit for the ones selling them. This was a serious problem for the purchasers, who struggled to think of some scheme for overcoming this difficulty. They have at last solved the problem. Slot machines have been brought to such a state of perfection that they have been adopted by several Berlin companies. Many hundreds of them are scattered throughout the city, and they are universally used.

Slang Phrases.

The famous phrase, "He's a brick," says the Pathfinder, originated from the reply of the King of Sparta, who, when asked where were the walls of his city, replied that Sparta had 50,000 soldiers, "and every man is a brick."

Numerous versions of the origin of "deadhead," meaning one who gets something free, have been given, claiming it as a modern phrase, but history shows that the term was used in precisely its present sense at least as early as the palmy days of Pompeii, when those who had free seats at the theater were provided with ivory checks made in the shape of a skull or "deadhead." No doubt the expression was ancient even then.

A certain shoemaker, back in the days of "Good Queen Bess," committed suicide. He stood on a bucket, tied a rope round his neck, from a beam, and then "kicked the bucket." Hence that obscure periphrase for dying.

It was the custom of the Huns to put a feather in their cap for every Turk they killed, whence the origin of "feather in his cap" is easily understood.

Mice Guard Submarines.

On the ships' books of the submarines in the British navy and on their pay sheets are borne, in addition to the complement of a dozen or more officers and men, a trio of white mice. These are regarded as a portion of the crew, as they each draw their rations and pay at the rate of one shilling per week (which is shared by the crew.) These rodents are kept in a little cage in the vicinity of the gasoline tanks, for, having a keen sense of smell, they detect any leakage of vapor and begin squeaking, when the sailors at once look to the taps. The men make great pets of the mice, which are well looked after and closely watched, especially when the craft are under way.

Quaint Street Signs.

Original spelling and unconscious humor characterize many of the advertising efforts of traders in the down-town districts, says the Philadelphia Record. The following sign was displayed by a curbstone merchant on Fourth street below South, "Califony Frutes and Potatoes and Eggs Layed by My Own Fresh Hepns." A short distance away was this sign: "Live Shickens and Dooks Plucked Fresh Alive Dead Also Remnants Lowest Cash Prizes." Another wheelbarrow merchant displayed the following sign on his stock: "Bargains from Fire Sale which Owner Wants money to help him build another new store for fire."

When a Part was Equal to the Whole.

Four-year-old Daisy came running in from the garden, crying breathlessly, "Papa, I saw a snake!"

"Did you?" asked her father. "Did he have a tail?"

"No," Daisy replied, "he was a tail."

An Accident.

On the whole, Johnny Ralston was a very good boy; but he had one fault which it seemed impossible for his mother to overcome—he would fight with other boys. Times out of number he has been reproved for this, and the last time he promised faithfully that he would battle no more.

But that evening he returned from school with a cut cheek and a nose like a swollen beetroot.

"Johnny," said his mother, sadly, "didn't you promise me you wouldn't fight any more?"

"But I haven't been fighting, ma. This is the result of an accident."

"An accident?"—doubtfully.

"Yes, ma. I was sitting on Tommy Biggs, and I forgot to hold his feet!"

HIGH FINANCE.

Willie had a savings bank;
'Twas made of painted tin,
He passed it 'round among the boys,
Who put their pennies in.

Then Willie wrecked that bank and bought
Sweetmeats and chewing gum,
And to the other envious lads
He never offered some.

"What shall we do?" his mother said:
"It is a sad mischance!"
His father said: "We'll cultivate
His gift for high finance."

Very Ticklish.

Willie asked his father one day why, when reading about something funny, he said "it tickled him."

"We say it tickles us, Willie, when we are amused," returned his father.

Some time later:

"You mustn't cough so much, Willie," his mother said.

"I can't help it, mamma," replied the little boy. "Something amuses me in my throat."

THE DREAM FAIRY.

As I lay quiet in my bed
Do I just think while I'm asleep?
Or does a fairy creep,
So soft and still, up to my ear,
And whisper dreams for me to hear?

I dream the very nicest things!
I dream my tricycle has wings;
I dream my doll can laugh and talk;
I dream my woolly lamb can walk.
How do the dreams get in my head?

A Disgraced Mascot.

The mascot of a British infantry regiment, a monkey, has been dishonorably discharged from the service for absence without leave and for theft committed in neighboring poultry yards. He is now serving a life sentence in the Manchester Zoological Gardens.

AN O RHYME.

For some bargains a woman once s0,
And among the things that she b0
Was a three-legged chair,
Which made poor hubby stare,
And say n0ier things than he 0!

Keeps Late Hours.

A bee that works only at night is found in the jungles of India. It is an unusually large insect. The combs are often six feet long and from four to six inches thick.

FREE TO BOYS GIRLS

3 BEAUTIFUL DOLLS

Two Large Sister Dolls and the dearest, sweetest baby doll in the whole wide world.

OUR SISTER DOLLS ARE BEAUTIES, most elaborately dressed, bisque heads, lovely curly hair, open mouths, showing pearly teeth, natural eyes. Handsome dresses, collars and sleeves trimmed with fine lace. Large, beautiful trimmed hats. Real slippers and stockings to match.

OUR SWEET BABY DOLL is a perfect little beauty, with long flowing hair; a dear, charming darling that will delight the hearts of thousands of little mothers.

GIRLS, we give you these three beautiful dolls absolutely free for selling only 34 of our fine handkerchiefs at ten cents each.

All Express Charges Prepaid.

HOW TO OBTAIN ANY OF OUR FINE PREMIUMS

BOYS! You can obtain your choice of the entire combination—Doll Outfit, Football Outfit, Sweaters, Punching Bags, Parasols, Boxing Gloves, Footballs, Watches and any of our hundred fine premiums for selling only 34 of our superior, fast selling, soft finished handkerchiefs at ten cents each. Everybody uses handkerchiefs. Quick sellers. Send no money. We trust you. Write at once. Premiums sent by express, all charges prepaid, the same day money is received. The American Handkerchief Company is a reliable (full paid in) $20,000.00 corporation. Incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, with highest banking and commercial reference. **GIRLS!**

AMERICAN HANDKERCHIEF CO., 16 Passaic Street, Passaic, N. J.

A COMPLETE FOOT BALL OUTFIT

THIS COMPLETE FOOTBALL OUTFIT consists of a pair of fine intercollegiate football pants, heavily padded, with extra strip at thigh, sleeveless jacket, sewed with best and strongest linen thread. Hand-made eyelets for lacing and a fine quality worsted belt. A substantial outfit and one worth having. BOYS we give you this complete football outfit for selling only 34 handkerchiefs at ten cents each. All express charges prepaid.

A HANDSOME WATCH

Stem wind and stem set American movement, runs twenty-four hours with one winding; hour, minute and second hands. Roman or Arabic dial, fitted with heavy bevel-edge crystal that is not easily broken. Just the watch for a boy. Given free for selling only thirty-four of our fine handkerchiefs at ten cents each.

All Charges Prepaid.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.